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VOL. XXXIV. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1897. NO. 47

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
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Auditor General—Amos H. Mylin.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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TRUMPETER FRED
AUTHOR OF
"FORT FRAYNE,"
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CHAPTER I.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

There were only 30 in all that night when the troop reached the Niobrara and unsaddled along the grassy banks, rather slim numbers for the duty to be performed and with the captain away too. Not that the men had lack of confidence in Lieutenant Blunt, but it was practically his first summer at Indian campaigning, and, however well a young soldier may have studied strategy and grand tactics at West Point, it is something very different that is needed in fighting these wild warriors of our prairies and mountains. Blunt was brave and spirited—they all knew that—but in point of experience even Trumpeter Fred was his superior. All along the dusty trail, for an hour before they reached the ford, the tracks of the Indian ponies had been thickly scattered. A war party of at least 50 had evidently gone trotting down stream not six hours before the soldiers rode in to water their tired and thirsty steeds. No comrades were known to be nearer at hand than the garrison at Fort Laramie, 50 long miles away, or those guarding the post of Fort Robinson, right in the heart of the Indian country and in the very midst of the treacherous tribes along White river. And yet, under its second lieutenant and with only 28 "rank and file," here was B troop ordered to bivouac at the Niobrara crossing, and despite the fact that all the country was alive with war parties of the Sioux to wait there for further orders.

"Only 29 men all told and a small boy," said Sergeant Dawson, who was forever trying to plague that little trumpeter. It was by no means fair to Fred Waller, either, for while he was somewhat undersized for his 15 years his carbine and his Colt's revolver were just as big and just as effective as those of any man in the troop, and he knew how to use them, no matter how hard the Springfield kicked. He rode one of the tallest horses, too, and sat him well and firmly, notwithstanding all his furious plunging and "buckings" the day that Dawson slipped the thorny sprig of a wild rosebush under the saddle blanket.

From the first sergeant down to the newest recruit all the men had grown fond of little Fred in that year of rough scouting and campaigning around old Red Cloud's reservation—all of them, that is to say, with the possible exception of Dawson, who annoyed him in many ways when the officers or first sergeant did not happen to be near, and who sometimes spoke sneeringly of him to such of the troopers as would listen, but these were very few in number.

Fred was the only son of brave old Sergeant Waller, who had served with the regiment all over the plains before the great war of the rebellion, and who had been its standard bearer in many a sharp fight and stirring charge in Virginia. Now he carried two bullet wounds and on his bronzed cheek a long white seam, a saber scar, as mementos of Beverly Ford, Winchester and Five Forks, and through the efforts of his war commanders a comfortable berth as ordnance sergeant had been secured for him at one of the big frontier posts along the railway. Fred was the pride of the old soldier's heart, and nothing would do but that he, too, must be a trooper. The boy was born far out across the plains in sight of the Chihuahua mountains, had followed the regiment in his mother's arms up the valley of the Rio Grande to the Albuquerque, then eastward along the Indian haunted Smoky Hill route to Leavenworth. When the great war burst upon the nation, little Fred was just beginning to toddle about the whitewashed walls of the laundresses' quarters—his father was Corporal Waller then—and his baby eyes were big as saucers when he was carried aboard of a big steamship and paddled down the muddy Missouri and around by Cairo and up the winding Ohio to Cincinnati. He was even more astonished at the railway cars that bore the soldiers and a few women and children eastward and finally landed them at Carlisle. There at the old cavalry barracks the little fellow grew to lusty boyhood while his father was bearing the blue and gold standard through battle after battle on the Virginia soil. And when the war was over and the regiment was hurried out to the plains, and again to protect the settlers, the emigrants and the railway builders from the ceaseless assaults of the painted Indians, little Fred went along, and his soldier education was fairly begun.

Old Waller was now first sergeant of B troop. The regimental commander and most of the officers were greatly interested in the laughing, sun tanned, blue eyed boy, who rode day after day on his wiry Indian pony along the flanks of the column, scorning, though barely 7 years old, to stay in the wagons with the women and children. Everybody had a jolly word of greeting for Fred, and kind hearted Captain Blaine set his company tailor to work, and presently there were made for the boy a natty little cavalry jacket and a tiny pair of yellow chevrons. Corporal Fred they called him then, and, though he strove hard not to show it, grim old Sergeant Waller was evidently as proud and pleased as the child. He taught the little man to "stand attention" and bring up his chubby brown hand in salute whenever an officer passed by, and most scrupulously was that salute returned. He early placed the boy under the instruction of the veteran chief trumpeter and made him practice with the musicians as soon as he was "big enough to blow," as he expressed it. And then, too, for there were no army schools or schoolmasters in those days, regularly as the day came round and the sergeant's morning duties were done he had his boy at his knee, book or slate in hand, patiently teaching him the little that he knew himself and wistfully looking for some better instructor.

CHAPTER II.

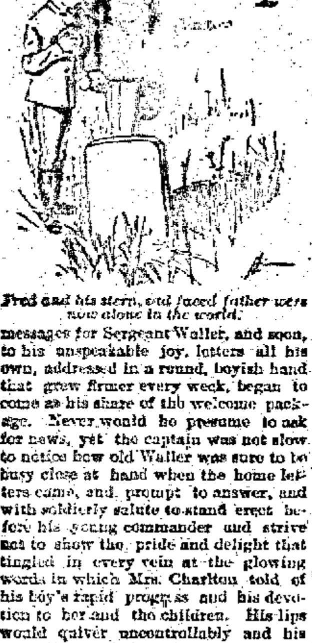
THE OATH OF ENLISTMENT.

It was while stationed at old Fort Sanders that Waller's enthusiastic devotion to his new captain's family began. The former troop commander was ordered to the retired list, broken down by wounds, and the senior lieutenant stepped into his place. Waller bade farewell to his old captain with eyes dimmed, for they had served together for over [illegible] years and [illegible] ward [illegible] arrival a young officer, [illegible] through and through. It was not a week before the sergeant had fully satisfied himself as to that. Presently the new captain's family reached the fort and took up their abode—a fair haired, blue eyed young mother with two children, a boy and a girl, the eldest being three years younger than Fred—and then began another and strong interest.

That very winter scarlet fever devastated the fort. Few children escaped the scourge. There were a dozen little graves in the cemetery outside the prairie when the long winter came to an end. There, with one or three larger graves, and one of these held all that was mortal of Fred's loving mother. He and his stern, sad faced father were now alone in the world.

And Captain Charlton's little household had not been spared. It was among the officers' quarters that the pestilence had first appeared. Frank and Florence Charlton were among the children earliest stricken. The servants fled the house, as frontier servants will, and their place was promptly supplied by Mrs. Waller. She and her husband would listen to no remonstrance, and Mrs. Charlton, overwhelmed with care and dread, was only too glad to have the strong, cheery army woman's help. Over the little brown cottage the shadow of death hovered for days before it was lifted and borne away, and when at last all danger was over and all was again hope and peace the sergeant's wife went back to her own humble roof across the parade and there suddenly sickened and died. When the scourge was finally swept from the garrison and the soft winds began to blow from the south, the stricken old soldier was glad of the chance to go with his troop into the field service and was almost happy in one thing—Mrs. Charlton had taken his boy as one of her own, and each day she was teaching him faithfully and well. When the troop rode away from Sanders, Fred was left behind to occupy a little room under the captain's roof. "Remember, sir, you are sergeant of the guard, and that house and that household are your special charge for all summer long," were Waller's parting words to his boy.

Regularly as the mail reached the troop during its summer scouting Captain Charlton's home missives had their messages for Sergeant Waller, and soon, to his unspeakable joy, letters all his own, addressed in a round, boyish hand that grew firmer every week, began to come as his share of the welcome package. Never would he presume to ask for news, yet the captain was not slow to notice how old Waller was sure to be busy close at hand when the home letters came, and prompt to answer, and with soldierly salute to stand erect before his young commander and strive not to show the pride and delight that tingled in every vein at the glowing words in which Mrs. Charlton told of his boy's rapid progress and his devotion to her and the children. His lips would quiver uncontrollably and his eyes fill, his hand might tremble as it touched the brim of his scouting hat, but the salute was precise as ever.



Fred and his stern, sad faced father were now alone in the world.

"I thank the captain and beg to thank the captain's kind lady," was his invariable formula on such occasions. "I hope the boy will always do his duty."

And then he would face about and stride away with his head very high in the air and his eyes blinking hard, and almost immediately his voice would be heard sternly berating some trooper whose horse had tangled himself in his lariat, or whose "kit" was not stowed in proper shape about the saddle. It was his way of striving to hide the joy those messages brought him, and the men were quick to see through it all, and little Reddy Mulligan, reprimanded for the third time within a fortnight, started a laugh all through the bivouac by his whimsical protest:

"It's more good news ye've been getting from Fred, sergeant, dear, isn't it, now? Faith, I wish he'd play yo a thrick wanst in awhile, like other byes. Maybe thin I'd be mintioned to the captain for a corporalship." And for once the veteran turned his back on the laughing troop conscious of defeat.

In 1874 old Waller changed the yellow stripes and diamond of the first sergeantcy for the crimson and the star of the ordnance, and the troopers, one and all, said goodby to him with infinite regret. Perhaps Dawson, who was next in rank, may be excepted. He confidently expected to be promoted to Waller's place; but, though a dashing soldier and a smart noncommissioned officer, he was not the stanch, reliable man the captain needed and proved it by celebrating Waller's promotion in a very boisterous and unseemly manner. It was plain that he had been drinking heavily, and though Captain Charlton saved him from arrest and court martial he would not promote him and plainly, though privately, told him why. The troop knew it was for this reason, but Dawson swore it was all on account of Waller's influence against him when Sergeant Graham was named in regimental orders as the old veteran's successor.

That same summer, with firm hand and glistening eyes, Waller signed his consent to the enlistment of his son as trumpeter in the old troop. How he [illegible] straps of Fred's [illegible] his eagerness, was [illegible] his boots in the first light of the [illegible] buttons. Yet when the medals and

Lieutenant Rayburn came trotting briskly down the roadway, and the men were silently "leading into line," it was the old sergeant's hand that grasped the boy's left foot and swung him lightly into his seat.

"Whatever happens, sir, mind you keep close to the captain," was his parting injunction to his boy. Then his heels came together with the old cavalry click, and his twitching fingers were stiffened as they went suddenly up in salute to Mr. Rayburn, who bent down from his saddle to say that they would try to take good care of Fred. But Waller answered:

"I thank the lieutenant. The boy is a soldier now, sir. He must take his chances with the rest." Then with one lingering clasp of the trumpeter's hand, "Join your captain," he ordered and turned away into the darkness.

But the sentry on No. 6 bore witness to the fact that the ordnance sergeant never went to bed again all that night, and the men sent to unload and store the ammunition that came next day from Rock Island arsenal declared that old Waller was gruffer than ever. All the next night, too, he was awake, waiting, watching for tidings from the north. Nothing came until sunset of the second day, just as the whole command was turning out for retreat parade, and then Corporal Rock rode in with dispatches and trotted straight to where the commanding officer was standing in front of the adjutant's office. All eyes were upon him as he threw himself from the saddle and handed the packet to the colonel. Half a dozen officers hastened to join their commander as he tore it open. The piazzas of the officers' quarters were quickly alive with ladies and children, breathlessly eager to hear the news. The colonel's orderly was seen hastening to the surgeon's house—that looked ominous—then Rock remounted, trotted to Captain Charlton's gate, where Mrs. Charlton was tremblingly awaiting him. "It's all right, ma'am," he hastened to say. "Leastwise the captain's safe, but Mulligan is shot—and Ryan and Sergeant Frazer." She hurried in the house with the precious letter he placed in her hands, and while several ladies hastened to join her the messenger returned to the office.

All this while Sergeant Waller had stood like a statue under the tall white flagstaff where the noncommissioned staff assembled at retreat, watching every move with dry, aching eyes and a face gray as his mustache.

CHAPTER III.

A SOLDIER IN CAMP.

The trumpet played the retreat, the sunset gun thundered its good night to the god of day, the adjutant hurried over and received the reports of the companies, the staff and band, and then a messenger came running to them: "Mrs. Charlton wants you, Sergeant Waller. Fred's all safe, but they had a sharp fight."

The old man could not trust himself to speak. "Listen to this, sergeant," exclaimed Mrs. Charlton as she hurried through the little group of ladies at her doorway and looked up in his face with tear dimmed eyes:

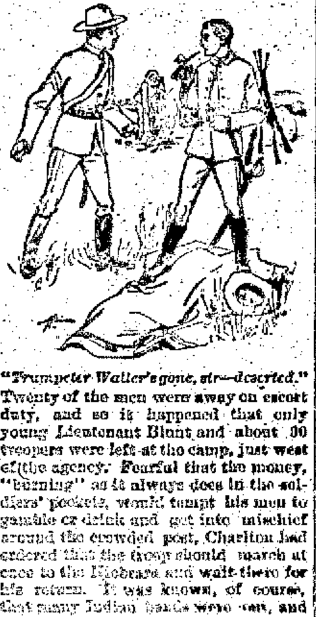
"Tell Waller that in a running fight of four miles Fred rode close at my heels and no man could have shown more spirit or less fear. I am sure it was a shot from his carbine that tumbled one war pony into the Laramie, and every call he had to sound rang out clear as a bell. I'm proud of the boy."

Waller's face was twitching and working. He cleared his throat and tried to speak. He dashed his hand across his eyes and ground his heels into the gravel of the walk. He heard the kind and gentle voices of the ladies joining in the chorus of congratulation, but he could not see their faces. A mist had risen before his eyes. Even the old formula, "I thank the captain's lady," had deserted him. He mumbled some inarticulate words and then, in dread of disastrous break down, turned suddenly away and strode across the drive. More than one woman was in tears. There was not a ripple of faintest laughter when it was seen that in his blindness the old sergeant had collided with the tree box at the edge of the acequia. Straight to his humble quarters he went, but they were beautiful to him, radiant with the light of joy, pride, gratitude and love that beamed and burned in his honest heart.

And now, a year later, all the cavalry was in the field. Gold had tempted explorers and miners innumerable to the Black Hills of Dakota—Indian land by solemn treaty. The government warned the invaders back, but to no purpose. The Indians swarmed from the agencies and massacred all whom they could overpower. Charlton's troop had early been hurried up to Red Cloud, and now with others was engaged in the perilous work of patrolling the trails around the Indian haunts.

Two months of hard and most exciting work had they had, and still the troubles were not over, and then, just after the paymaster with his iron safe and bristling escort had paid the outlying posts a visit, and Captain Charlton had been ordered in with him to attend a court martial at Fort Laramie, there came a week that no man in B troop ever forgot.

Mr. Rayburn had been wounded and was in the hospital at Fort Robinson.



"Trumpeter Waller's gone, sir—deserted."

Twenty of the men were away on escort duty, and so it happened that only young Lieutenant Blunt and about 30 troopers were left at the camp, just west of the agency. Fearful that the money, "burning" as it always does in the soldiers' pockets, would tempt his men to gamble or drink and get into mischief around the crowded post, Charlton had ordered that the troop should march at once to the Niobrara and wait there for his return. It was known, of course, that many Indian bands were out, and it promised to be adventurous. It was Mr. Blunt's first independent command, too, and he felt a trifle nervous. All went well, however, until the morning of the second day, when Sergeant Graham excitedly hailed his young commander, his face clouded with dismay.

"Lieutenant," he cried, "Sergeant Dawson and several men were robbed last night. The money's all gone."

Blunt was out of his blanket in an instant. "How much is missing?" he asked.

"I can't tell yet, sir—a good deal. But that is not the worst of it."

"What on earth could be worse?"

"Trumpeter Waller's gone, sir—deserted—taken his horse, arms and everything."

CHAPTER IV.

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Lieutenant Blunt's position on this bright July morning was most embarrassing. Personally he had known the pet trumpeter of B troop less than a year, for, as was said in the previous chapter, in point of actual experience on the frontier the boy was the superior of the young West Pointer, who had joined only the preceding autumn. Finding young Fred so great a favorite among the officers and men, Mr. Blunt was quite ready to accept the general verdict, although his first impression of the youngster was that he was a trifle spoiled. On the other hand, no other man in the troop had so favorably impressed the new officer as the "left principal guide," Sergeant Dawson, whose dashing horsemanship, fine figure and carriage and sharp, soldierly ways had attracted his attention at the first outset. Then Dawson's manner to him was so scrupulously deferential and soldierly on all occasions—sometimes the old war worn sergeants would be a trifle supercilious with green subalterns—that Blunt's moderate amount of vanity was touched. He was always glad when his turn came round as officer of the guard to find Sergeant Dawson on the detail, and he recalled, when he came to think over the events of his first half year with the regiment that very summer, that it was when on guard he began to imagine Fred Waller was "somewhat spoiled." Twice the boy "marched on" as orderly trumpeter when he and Dawson were on the guard detail for the day, and both times the sergeant had found fault with the musician and had, most respectfully and diplomatically, but in that semiconfidential manner which shrewd old soldiers so well know how to assume to very young subalterns, given Mr. Blunt to understand that the boy "needed looking after." Months later, when Blunt and Rayburn were discussing the probabilities of promotion, when the sergeant major of the regiment took his discharge and there was lively competition among the soldiers for this the finest noncommissioned post in the regiment, Blunt warmly advocated Dawson's claim. "He is the nattiest sergeant in the whole command," he said, "and the smartest one I know."

"Oh, yes," answered Rayburn with a certain superiority of manner and a quiet sarcasm that provoked the junior officer, "there's no question about Dawson's smartness. One after another every 'plebe' in the regiment starts in with the same enthusiasm about Dawson. I had it myself about eight years ago. But the trouble with him is he isn't a stayer. He can't stand prosperity."

But Blunt preferred to hold to his own views and his faith in the second sergeant of the troop. And so it happened that on this eventful morning he sent Sergeant Graham at once to investigate as to the amounts stolen during the night and directed that Sergeant Dawson, who was in command of the herd and picket guard, should come to him immediately.

The sun was just rising above the low, treeless ridges on the horizon as the lieutenant stood erect and looked about him. Close at hand the Niobrara—"the Running Water"—was brawling over its stony shallows, and the smoke of tiny cook fires was floating upward into the keen, crisp morning air. Northward the slopes were bare and treeless, too, but closely carpeted with the dense growth of buffalo grass. Only a few yards out from the bivouac, hoppled and side lined, the troop horses were cropping the still juicy herbage, and three or four soldiers, carbines in hand and garbed in their light blue overcoats, were posted well out beyond the herd on every side, watching the valley far and near for any signs of Indian coming. Below the bivouac and farther from the Laramie road was an old log hut, once used as a ranch and "bar" for thirsty souls traversing the well worn way to the reservation, but the tide of travel had first shifted to the Sidney route and then been stemmed entirely, so far as the line to or near the agencies was concerned, and the proprietor had taken himself and his fiery poison to better paying fields.

Far away to the southwest the blue cone of Laramie peak stood boldly against the sky. Nearer at hand, though a day's ride away, old Rawhide Butte rose sturdily from the midst of surrounding prairie slopes. Up stream, among some sparse cottonwood, a bit of ruddy color among the branches caught the lieutenant's quick eye. Some Indian brave, wrapped in his blanket, had been laid to rest there out of reach of the snarling coyotes, one of whom could be dimly discerned slinking away under the bank, just out of easy rifle range.

Off to the south lay the same bold, barren, desolate looking expanse of rolling prairie. Blunt could not suppress a shudder as he thought of the terrible risk the boy had run in his mad break for the settlements beyond the Platte. Of course he could go nowhere else. North, east and west, all was Indian land, and no lone white man could live there. Of course, he was making for the cattle ranges and settlements in Nebraska. Such, at least, was the lieutenant's theory. He had spent only one year on the frontier, but had been there long enough to know that among the cowboys, ranchmen and especially among the riffraff ever hanging about the small towns and settlements a deserter from the army was apt to be welcomed and protected if he had money, arms or a good horse. Once plundered of all he possessed, the luckless fellow might then be turned over to the nearest post and the authorized reward of $30 claimed for his apprehension, but if well armed and sober the deserter had little trouble in making his way through the toughest mining camps and settlements.

CHAPTER V.

TRAILING THE TRAITOR.

Fred Waller knew all the valley of the North Platte as well as he did the trails around Sanders and Red Buttes, and if he could succeed in eluding the Indian war parties he would have no difficulty in fording the river, or swimming if necessary, and, with the start he must have had, his light weight and powerful horse, it would be next to impossible to catch him, even if they could follow his trail. Besides were they not ordered to remain at Niobrara until Charlton's return?

The more Mr. Blunt thought of the matter the more worried and perplexed he became. Anywhere else he might have sent a sergeant with a couple of men in pursuit, but here it would be exposing them to almost certain death. It was some minutes before Sergeant Dawson came in answer to the summons. Blunt could see the troopers gathered about the first sergeant, excitedly discussing the affair and bemoaning their individual losses. Graham was noting the amounts on a slip of paper, and his fine face was pale with distress. "Is that all now, men?" he asked as he completed the list. Then he sharply turned away and once more approached his young commander.

"Lieutenant," he said, halting and raising his hand in salute, "it isn't quite as bad as I feared, but bad enough. Sergeant Farron, Corporal Watts and I are the principal losers, besides Sergeant Dawson. Three of the men who went into the agency on pass just after we were paid had left most of their money with me, and that is gone. I had it with my own in the flat wallet I always carried in the inside pocket of my hunting shirt. You can see, sir, how it was done." And the sergeant displayed a long, clean cut through the Indian tanned buckskin. "It took a sharp knife and a light hand to do that, for I'm not a heavy sleeper. Farron, Watts and I were sleeping side by side just over there on the bank, and they heard nothing all the night. But will the lieutenant look at this handkerchief, sir? Is it chloroformed? I feel dull and heavy, as though I had been drugged. He couldn't have got it from me any other way."

Blunt took the bandanna and sniffed it cautiously and then turned it over and curiously inspected it. There was certainly an odor of chloroform about it—a strong odor.

"Whose is this?" he asked. "I do not remember seeing any of the men wearing one like this."

"None of them owns it, sir. I've asked the whole party but Sergeant Dawson and the men on guard. They have these cheap red things for sale at the store there at the Red Cloud Agency, but none of the troop have I ever seen wearing them. They are too small for neck handkerchiefs. Dawson is out yet, trying to locate the trail. I've sent Robbins for him." And the sergeant looked anxiously away southward, searching the prairie with a world of pain and trouble in his eyes.

"What could possibly have induced the boy to turn scoundrel all at once?" asked the lieutenant. "It will break his old father's heart."

"I can't account for it, sir. He has been as honest and square as a boy could be ever since his enlistment, but the men tell me that he has been spending a good deal of time over in the post whenever we camped there, and I am afraid, from what Donovan says, that he has been gambling with the young fellows at the band quarters. There's a hard lot in there, I'm told, and the old hands encourage the boys to get all they can out of strangers, and then they turn to and fleece the boys. It is about $400 he has taken. A man knows that will last but a little while on the frontier, but to a boy it seems a big pile."

Then, rapidly approaching, the bounding hoofs of a troop horse were heard. Blunt eagerly turned and saw Sergeant Dawson galloping toward them down the north bank. Reining in so suddenly as almost to throw his panting bay upon his haunches, he vaulted lightly to the ground and stood before the lieutenant, his face beaded with sweat and his eyes glaring.

"Which way has he gone? Could you tell?"

"Yes, sir. I trailed him out across the prairie yonder for 800 yards or so. Then he took the Laramie road, and there the hoof tracks are all confused, but I knew he would never keep that line very long, and I'm almost certain I found the place where he turned off, a mile beyond the ford and well over the bluffs."

"Turned south toward the Sidney route?"

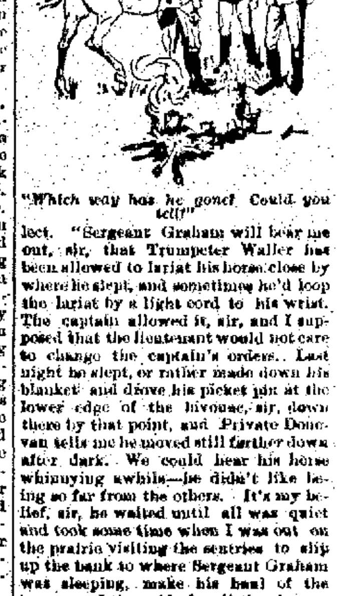
"Yes, sir, as though he was going to skirt the road awhile, then make for Scott's Bluffs, keeping well west of the Sidney stage route. If he got on that, he'd be likely to meet Captain Forrest's troop, sir."

"But you were in charge of the guard, sergeant. How came it that your sentries and you could let a man slip out with his horse and everything? The night was still, and they ought to have heard, even if they couldn't see."

"It was dark as pitch, lieutenant. The new moon was down before 11 o'clock, and, as for hearing, the horses were uneasy and stamping or snorting all the while from midnight until 2 o'clock. Either they sniffed Indians or the coyotes startled them. Then the stream makes such a noise over the rocks, sir, and the lieutenant will remember we had no sentries out across the stream. The Indians couldn't stampede the herd from that direction."

"But how could he get his horse out from the herd without"—

"It wasn't there, sir," broke in the trooper, eager to defend himself against the imputation of carelessness or neglect. "Sergeant Graham will bear me out, sir, that Trumpeter Waller has been allowed to lariat his horse close by where he slept, and sometimes he'd loop the lariat by a light cord to his wrist. The captain allowed it, sir, and I supposed that the lieutenant would not care to change the captain's orders. Last night he slept, or rather made down his blanket and drove his picket pin at the lower edge of the bivouac, sir, down there by that point, and Private Donovan tells me he moved still farther down after dark. We could hear his horse whinnying awhile—he didn't like being so far from the others. It's my belief, sir, he waited until all was quiet and took some time when I was out on the prairie visiting the sentries to slip up the bank to where Sergeant Graham was sleeping, make his haul of the money and then ride for all that he was worth as soon as he had got beyond earshot. It was easy enough to slip away through the stream without being heard."



"Which way has he gone? Could you tell?"

"He has left his saddlebags, blanket and everything that was heavy, except his arms, behind him," said Graham moodily.

"And you really think that he has stolen the money and is trying to escape?" questioned the lieutenant.

"Indeed, sir," answered Dawson almost tearfully, "I don't know what to think. I hate to believe it of the boy we were all so fond of, though I used to plague him sometimes, just in fun. But I don't know what else to think. The men say that he has been a little wild at times since he got from under the old man's care. But I don't know, sir. I wouldn't be apt to know what was going on in the barrack there at Robinson."

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Blunt turned sorrowfully away and began to pace slowly up and down the bank. Near at hand over a little camp fire his coffeepot was bubbling and hissing noisily, but even the aroma of his accustomed morning beverage failed to attract him. What was he to do? What could he do? Ordered to remain there to await the captain safely to Red Cloud [illegible] return from the court, it was impossible to pursue. Equally unwise would it be to send a small squad. Waller had taken his life in his hands when he rode away through the night, but he could cross the Rawhide and be in comparative safety, so far as the Indian attack was concerned, by sunrise of this day. Now that daylight had come, Blunt well knew that every stretch of prairie from the Platte to the White river would be thoroughly searched by keen and eager eyes, and death would be the very least that any small party of whites could expect. He knew perfectly well that already he and his little troop were being closely scrutinized from the distant ridges. Had he not seen in the teepee of the Cheyennes, but the week before, as many as three pairs of binocular field-glasses, and had not Colonel Randall told him they knew their use and value as well as any one? If there was only some way of getting word to Captain Charlton at Laramie! There ran the single wire of the military telegraph, but there was neither office nor station nearer than Red Cloud Agency. No man in the troop would thank him for being ordered to go either way with dispatches, though he knew the order would be obeyed.

Silently and gloomily, instead of with their usual cheery alacrity, the men had got to work with their currycomb and brushes and were touching up their horses while waiting for their own breakfast, and presently Blunt's orderly came forward, holding a tin cup of steaming coffee.

"Won't the lieutenant drink a little of this, sir, and try a bite of bacon? There isn't much appetite in the troop this morning, sir, but it ain't so much because the money's gone. I've known the old sergeant and the boy nigh onto ten years now, sir, and I never thought it would come to this."

Blunt thanked the soldier and sat down at the edge of the rushing stream, sipping his coffee and trying to think what to do. The drink warmed his blood and cheered him up a trifle. Ordering his horse to be saddled, he mounted and, taking his rifle, rode through the Niobrara and out upon the open prairie on the other side. It was not long before he found the hoof tracks made the night before, and without knowing why he slowly followed them out toward the low ridge at the southwest. For ten minutes he went at a quiet walk and with downward searching eyes as he reached the road, striving to decide which hoof prints were made by Waller's horse.

Suddenly back at camp he heard the ringing report of a cavalry carbine borne on the rising breeze and, whirling about, saw that they were signaling to him. Putting spurs to his steed, he galloped full tilt for the ford and then for the first time saw the cause of the excitement. Far up on the opposite slope and jogging easily down toward the troop came an Indian pony and an Indian rider, but not in war paint and feathers. As Mr. Blunt plunged through the stream he recognized the young half breed scout known to all of the soldiers as Little Bat, and Bat without a word, rode up and handed him a letter. It was from the commanding officer at Fort Robinson and very much to the point. It read somewhat as follows:

"Captain Charlton telegraphs that he will be detained several days. Meantime you are needed here, as the Indians are again quitting the reservations in large numbers. Move immediately upon receipt of this."

That evening, therefore, the little troop once more rode down the valley of the White river, the "Smoking Earth," as the Indians called it, and by sunset were camped at Red Cloud. In much distress of mind Mr. Blunt called upon the commanding officer to tell him of the disappearance of the money and his trumpeter and to ask the colonel's advice as to the proper course for him to pursue. It was agreed that telegrams should be sent at once to the captain at Fort Laramie and to the commanding officer at Sidney barracks on the railway, notifying them of the crime and the desertion. Blunt begged for a moment's delay until he could hear from Sergeant Graham, whom he had sent to make certain investigations, and long before tattoo the sergeant came, and with him the hospital steward.

"Lieutenant, the storekeeper says he sold just such a handkerchief as that to Trumpeter Waller last week, and the steward can tell about the chloroform."

Both officers looked inquiringly at the steward.

"Yes, sir, it was pay day that young Waller handed me a penciled note from Sergeant Graham, saying that he had a bad toothache and asking for a little chloroform, and I gave it to him."

"I never wrote such a note, sir, and never sent him on such a message," said Graham.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rich Man, Poor Man.

A short time ago a man who had seen better days approached several benevolent looking gentlemen at a well known hotel, asking for a meal. Each one repulsed him, until finally a reporter, who had just been paid off, invited him to have a snack with him. It was a good snack, too, and it took all the reporter's money, but he said it was a satisfaction to him to know that the poor man had one square meal at last. The incident reminded me of the rich man who told the poor man to work. He said he couldn't get work, but still the rich man said, "You must work." Some time after the rich man fell into the water and called to the poor man to rescue him. "Swim," said the poor man. "But I can't swim," said the rich man. "Well," said the poor man, "you must swim." When a man asks alms, it is always well to consider that some day the situation may be reversed, and then the man who can't swim must drown.—Boston Traveler.

A Spider Story.

In one of the splendid rooms of the palace of Potsdam one of the decorations is the figure of a large spider wrought in gold. According to the Portland Oregonian a tradition as picturesque and interesting as that told of David of Israel and Robert Bruce attaches to this piece of work. It commemorates an incident in the life of Frederick William, the granduncle of the present emperor of Germany. An attempt had been made to poison him in a cup of chocolate. By chance a spider fell into the cup, and for this reason the beverage was given to a dog, who, immediately upon taking it, died. The cook was afterward hanged, and the golden spider in the Potsdam palace immortalizes the incident.

There are more ants to the square mile in Florida than in any other country in the world. There are ants which measure more than half an inch in length, and then there are ants so small that they can scarcely be seen [illegible] with the unaided eye.

Raw eggs, milk and [illegible] fruit are recommended for [illegible]. The fruit corrects the bilious tendency of the milk and eggs.

In some portions of [illegible] the [illegible]

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Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COUNTY.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean County, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

C. A. DUKE.

Duke Centre, Pa., Nov. 22, 1897.

TOWNSHIP.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

F. C. FREEMAN.

Gifford P. O., Nov. 22, 1897.

Ex-Gov. Boies protests that he had nothing to do with the framing of the Chicago platform. There are others, Uncle Hod.

New Hampshire has a female lawyer in the person of Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, who will make an effort to secure the nomination for Congress in her district.

As silver keeps dropping in value, the free silver Democrats and Populists will find it necessary to go back to the old greenback theory, as silver will be worth very little more than paper.

"Maryland, my Maryland," with her two Republican United States Senators, will not be the sweet refrain that will be sung by the old hide-bound southern Democracy in the future.

Hon. C. C. Kauffman of Lancaster county is a candidate for re-election to the State Senate. The Senator has been a faithful worker in the party for years past, and the Miner would be pleased to see him returned to his old seat in the Senate chamber.

It would hardly be in accordance with the Declaration of Independence for the Democrats to nominate Mr. J. R. Sovereign as their standard bearer in 1900. But there is no danger of a Sovereign ever ruling this country, if nominated on a free silver platform.

Hon. W. C. Whitney's idea of promoting harmony in the Democratic ranks is worthy of consideration, but it is well to remember that Wm. C. Whitney is not the only Democrat, there's David Bennet Hill and our friend Sam, for instance.—Bradford Star. The first is too firm a friend of Cleveland to ever become reconciled with the last named.

F. C. Freeman of Davis announces himself this week as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules governing the Republican caucus. Mr. Freeman has always been a staunch Republican and never before asked for an office. He is a man well qualified for the position, possessing energy and good business tact, and is well worthy of the support of the Republican voters.

Reports of the silver mining companies show that in many cases the cost of producing silver is now less than 25 cents per ounce and that the silver used in the manufacture of a dollar would now probably cost about twenty cents. No wonder that the silver mine owners are willing to spend millions to force the United States to adopt laws by which they can turn 20 cents' worth of their product into a dollar, especially in view of the fact that most of the silver mines are now owned by foreigners.

The Republican theory that tin plate could be successfully manufactured in the United States has been clearly demonstrated by the capture of a New Brunswick coasting vessel trying to smuggle tin plate into the United States. If, as the Democratic speakers and newspapers repeatedly stated, tin could not be manufactured in this country, there would be no attempt to smuggle tin over the line. But this is on a parallel with all Democratic campaign stories; they will not hold together when exposed to the search light of investigation.

The large increase in the exportation of manufactures which had been attributed to the low tariff by the free traders goes right on under the Dingley law. The value of manufactured exports during the month of September, 1897, under the Dingley law was $[illegible] against $21,699,345 under the Wilson law in September, 1896, while the exportations of manufactures for the calendar year were, up to October 1st, $[illegible],000,000 in excess of those of the corresponding months of the preceding year, all of which was under the Democratic tariff.

The Dingley tariff grows more and more unpopular with the foreign manufacturers. September imports of linen goods from England were only 2,304,000 yards for 1897 against 6,087,000 yards in September, 1896; the importation of jute piece goods in September, 1897, was [illegible],100 against 9,1[illegible],400 in September, 1896; that of silk broad stuffs 4,300 yards against 9,823 in September of last year; that of woolen tissues 20,900 yards against [illegible]; that of worsted tissues 294,800 against 1,461,000, and that of woolen carpets 6,600 yards against 47,400 in the corresponding month of last year.

At the head of the editorial column will be found the name of C. A. Duke of Duke Centre who announces himself as a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county. Mr. Duke is an ardent Republican, his father before him having been of the same belief at a time when to be known as a Republican was to be almost ostracized by the pro-slavery element that largely predominated in the county at that time. Dr. Duke is a [illegible] possessed of excellent business qualifications. Although a young man, being only about 37 years of age, his [illegible] has been such as to [illegible] for the exalted position [illegible], and should he be [illegible] the nomination [illegible] to his [illegible]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22, 1897.—No President for years has paid more deference to the opinions of members of his party than Maj. McKinley does, and no President has ever taken more pains to ascertain the opinions of his callers upon public matters. While there is no question of public importance upon which President McKinley has not a well defined opinion of his own, he invites the freest expression of the opinions of others and is not so self-opinionated as not to be sometimes convinced that his own are erroneous. Just now he takes every opportunity of drawing out the opinions of his callers on matters of which his annual message to Congress will treat. While his message, which will be a long one, has been all blocked out, what he hears between now and when the final revising is done may make material difference in portions of it.

If there isn't an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States before the adjournment of this session of Congress, it will not be the fault of President McKinley, as he intends to send a new treaty to the Senate early in the session, drawn to meet the expressed objections to the one that was rejected by the Senate at the last session.

Representative Dolliver of Iowa, whose prominence in Republican councils makes his opinions upon legislative matters of value, passed through Washington on his way home, where he expects to eat his Thanksgiving dinner, from an eastern trip. In reply to the question as to whether he thought currency legislation probable at this session of Congress, he said: "I doubt if a bill can be framed that will meet with the approval of both Houses of Congress. It is not unlikely, however, that the House will take up legislation in line with the recommendations of the President's message. These, I take it, will be reasonable and conservative, and strictly along the line of the record and platform of the Republican party." Mr. Dolliver says he thinks the early annexation of Hawaii absolutely certain and regards that and the settlement of the Union Pacific Railroad debt as among the administration's most creditable work. His opinion of Congress taking the Cuban question up, as advocated by Democrats and anti-administration newspapers, is worthy of more than a passing thought. He said: "If the combined wisdom of the executive and the State department is not equal to solving the Cuban problem, I do not believe it would help matters to throw it into a Congressional joint debate."

Attorney General McKenna in preparing the papers that will be necessary in foreclosure proceeding against the Central Pacific Railroad, which will, in January next, owe the U. S. government nearly $53,000,000, so that no time will be lost in case the company defaults, as it is expected it will do. If foreclosure proceedings are taken, they are likely to include the Western Pacific Railroad also.

Experts on the cultivation and marketing of the export tobaccos of Kentucky and Tennessee are invited by Secretary Wilson to write what they know on the subject, to be used in a series of tobacco bulletins to be issued by the department of agriculture. Accepted contributions will be paid for at the rate of $15 a thousand words, and while no length limit is set, it is not desired that any single communication shall exceed ten thousand words.

The conclusion of the members of the executive committee of the Indianapolis Financial Convention of last winter, which has been holding a monetary conference in Washington for sometime past, not to make their report public until after President McKinley's message and Secretary Gage's annual report have been submitted to Congress, probably means that the measure that the committee will recommend to Congress will be in the main along the same lines as the financial recommendations that will be made in Secretary Gage's annual report and endorsed by President McKinley. In a statement just issued by this committee, much more confidence is expressed in the passing of financial legislation by this Congress than there are indications in sight to justify.

President McKinley doesn't believe in the brass band method of announcing in advance what he intends doing; he prefers to allow his acts and accomplishments to speak for themselves. He has done more to maintain our national prestige abroad since the 4th of last March than his predecessor did during his full term of four years, and not the least of his accomplishments in that line was securing the release of 27 American citizens from Spanish prisons in Cuba.

THE new tariff law is beginning to be felt in the increase in wages as well as an increase in employees, which immediately followed its enactment. Naturally the first noticeable effect of the adoption of a protective tariff would be in the resumption of work by the manufacturers and the increased number of employees, and this became apparent before the new law had been in operation a month. Now follows the next step, the increase in wages. A ten per cent. increase in the wages of about 2,000 furnace operatives in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys is announced to take place of December 1st, and similar advances are reported in the iron sections of other parts of the country.

DEMOCRATIC members of Congress who voted for the new tariff law will find no reason to regret their action when they reach Washington in December. The treasury receipts under the new law have now reached such a figure that it is perfectly apparent the measure is going to be a success as a revenue producer. The earnings of the present month are running at the average rate of a million dollars for each business day and will be ample for all government expenditures when the increase which must come after the stocks of foreign wool, sugar, and manufactures now in the country have been consumed is realized.

THAT "deadly competition" which the silver using countries were supposed to be making against the United States in international commerce will now disappear in the case of Russia, Japan and several of the South and Central American States which have all gone from the silver to the gold standard since Mr. Teller started that argument into the field. Word now comes that China is about to follow in the same wake, thus leaving Mexico and a few South American countries our only "deadly competitors," and reducing still further the ammunition of the silver mine owners.

FREE traders who expected support for the peculiar views from the English statistician, Mulhall, will be disappointed to know that he has taken pains to point out the fact that the exportations of the United States have increased three times as fast as has her population during the protective tariff period. Mr. Mulhall shows in a recently published article that while the increase in population for the last twenty years has been 80 per cent., the increase in the value of exportations has been 178 per cent., and practically all that under a [illegible] protective tariff. —[illegible]

THE SITUATION ANALYZED.

In connection with the visit of Hon. C. W. Stone to this city Wednesday, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, a friend of the Warren Congressman thus warmly espouses his candidacy: "Charles W. Stone is the only candidate prominently mentioned for the Republican nomination for Governor who would be sure of election after nomination. Widener represents the millionaire in politics and the 'combination' syndicate in business, and would go to a certain defeat. W. A. Stone represents only the Quay faction, with complications at that, and his fate would be the fate of Delamater.

"Congressman Connell and ex-Congressman Leisenring are coal operators in the anthracite region. Though not responsible for any of the recent troubles there or the killing of the strikers by Sheriff Martin and his deputies, they would not be strong candidates. Each lost his own county at the late election, and the suspicion exists that each helped the other to lose. Ex State Treasurer Jackson is a fine old gentleman who allowed the treasury to be run for him during his incumbency in office, and possesses no elements of strength that would unite the factions, or inspire the confidence of the independent voter.

"This leaves Attorney General McCormick and Charles W. Stone. McCormick is a man of strong personality, one who is popular upon his own merits. So far from being helped by Hastings, he is the figure of strength in the original Hastings cabinet. He might be elected, for his friends would rally enthusiastically, but he has some weak points. He comes of a Democratic family, lives in a Democratic section, is possessed of many pure Democratic sentiments. He is a factionist of such force that he has made enemies who cannot be placated. His nomination would not mean a sure election.

"C. W. Stone would command the full Republican vote. He was not in the factional fight, not because he was afraid, but because it was not his fight, and he had no business in it. The Warren delegates were elected before the fight began. They were not the creatures or the tools of Mr. Stone. There was no call for him to go out and find a way to break into that fight. He is not the candidate of any faction or of any Boss. He is well enough known, by a public record covering 20 years, to be judged upon his own merits. His course as Secretary of the Commonwealth at Harrisburg will bear the closest inspection, likewise as Lieutenant Governor and as a member of the Legislature. In Congress he has won the distinction of being the most valuable member of the Pennsylvania delegation in the House. He is commended by every labor organization in the State for his services in Congress, and he is admired by every employer of the members of these orders. If he was nominated by the Republicans, the Independents would have no consistent course open but to indorse him, for he represents all they are contending for, clean government, good service, no dictation. His nomination would mean certain election.

"He will get the nomination if the bosses do not interfere. If they interfere it is because they put their personal interests entirely above the success of their party. In that case they richly deserve the defeat in store for them. They may even be defeated in convention in spite of their harmony deals."

DUN'S REPORT.

All markets and all industries are working toward the period of thanksgiving, of stock taking and of holidays. Colder weather has done much to accelerate retail trade, so greatly delayed in many lines by unusually mild and open weather. In spite of this delay, and the idea that it may render prices more favorable to buyers, dispatches to day from all parts of the West and South show a large volume of business, and though fever in the South hinders the stock speculation here does not swell clearings as it did five years ago, the payments through clearing houses are for the month only 1.5 per cent. less than in 1892, and for the week outside New York 1.2 per cent. larger. The producing force increases on the whole, and many manufacturers are unable to take all the orders offered, while others are committed as far ahead as they are willing to be. The output in several great industries is considerably the largest ever known, and confidence in greater business next year is unabated. Hesitation in speculative markets is in part because an immense capital has been turned from them to investment in productive enterprises.

The excess of merchandise exports over imports in October made the balance $164,933,142 for three months and, after allowance for gold and silver movement, there still appears due this country $151,701,930, with undervaluations smaller than in recent years and interest and dividends due abroad much reduced by foreign sales of securities during and since the panic. The heavy unpaid balance must be increased by large exports during the next four months as the demand for breadstuffs and cotton increases. The prospect that considerable gold must be moved has a weakening influence on foreign exchange, and reported sales of stock by Europe, 20,000 shares for the week, would not balance half a day's difference on merchandise account. Yet the stock market has been inactive, with little improvement in prices, and speculation is mainly occupied with reports about gas associations. Railway earnings continue large, for November thus far 21.5 per cent. larger than last year, and 2.9 per cent. larger than in 1892, with a heavy west bound tonnage and a growing movement of eastbound cotton, new corn, dressed meats, hides and lumber.

AN amusing story is told of the second son of the German emperor. He was not so well behaved as his father thought he should be at table. One day the emperor proposed to teach Fritz a lesson. "Children who eat with their fingers are like little dogs who hold their food with their paws," he said. "If you use your fingers again, you must go under the table, the proper place for little dogs." Before long the boy had forgotten. "March under the table," said his father. Fritz obeyed. He seemed very quiet there, and by-and-by the emperor looked to see what he was doing. The child was undressed. What did this mean? The answer to the challenge was brimful of wit. "Little dogs don't wear clothes," said the sturdy young prince. "They have only skin."

AN Indian officer, much given to romancing, one day at a dinner party told of a huge piece of native ordinance he had seen at some rajah's palace. "It was so large," he said, "that I drove a phaeton into the mouth of it." A wag sitting opposite exclaimed: "What a strange coincidence! I was in the gun at the time, and when you drove in at the mouth I drove out at the touch-hole."

RAILROAD men who voted for McKinley and sound money a year ago without reference to former party affiliations have every reason to be gratified with the result of their votes. The October railroad earnings show an increase of nearly $5,000,000 over those of October of last year, while the gains in September and August were equally large.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centers in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or $1.00 per bottle at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN

[illegible]

A representative of a large [illegible] tobacco house, who has made a [illegible] study, says that "the extent to which [illegible] are used in flavoring cigarettes [illegible]. The drugs impart a sweet and [illegible] and have a soothing effect [illegible] from sitting a fascinating [illegible] the smoker. The more cigarettes he smokes the more he desires to smoke, as is the case with one who uses opium. The desire grows to a passion. The smoker becomes a slave to the enervating habit. To the insidious effect of the drugs is attributed the success of the cigarette.

"By the use of drugs it is possible to make a very inferior quality of tobacco pleasant. Manufacturers, therefore, put these vile things on the market at a price that makes it easy for the poorest to indulge in their killing delights, and boys and youths go in swarms for them.

"What is called Havana flavoring has grown to be an important article of commerce. Thousands of barrels of it are sold everywhere. It is extensively used in manufacturing certain kinds of cigarettes. It is made from the tonca bean, which contains a drug call melilotis, a deadly poison, seven grains of which will kill a dog. Imagine the effect which must result from puffing that vile stuff into the lungs hour after hour.

"The paper coverings, manufactured from filthy scrapings of rag pickers are fruitful sources of evil to the cigarette smoker. Vile as it is, it is bought up in great masses by agents of the manufacturers, who turn it into dingy pulp and subject it to a bleaching process to make it presentable. The lime and other substances, used in bleaching, have a very harmful influence upon the membrane of the mouth, throat and nose, and it is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped at a cost of two cents.

"Arsenical preparations, it is said are used in bleaching most cigarette papers, and oil of creosote is produced naturally as a result of combustion. The latter has a most injurious effect upon the membranes of the mouth, throat and lungs and is said to accelerate the development of consumption in anyone predisposed to the disease.

"A mouthpiece which had been in use was unrolled by a mother. Its edge to the depth of about half an inch was covered with the dark, poisonous acid, the odor of which was intolerable. The pernicious stuff taken into a persons system assists to bring about the sunken cheeks, the dull and listless appearance that mark the slave of the cigarette.

"Oh youths, who are sowing
Wild oats, do you know
That the terrible seed you are
Sowing will grow?"

Two Millions a Year.

When people buy, try and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 227, June Term, 1897.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nancy A. Varney did, on the 21st day of April, 1897, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank R. Varney.

We therefore command you, the said Frank R. Varney, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Nancy A. Varney, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nancy A. Varney, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
P. R. Cotter, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov 9, 1897.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 230, June Term, 1897.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Isabell Raymond did, on the 22nd day of April, 1897, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles A. Raymond.

We therefore command you, the said Charles A. Raymond, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Isabell Raymond, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Isabell Raymond, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
F. W. Hastings, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 9, 1897.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 300, June Term, 1897.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Joseph B. White did, on the 7th day of May, 1897, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Flora M. White.

We therefore command you, the said Flora M. White, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Joseph B. White and show cause, if any you have, why the said Joseph B. White, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
Cotter & Sheatman, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 9, 1897.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 63, June Term, 1897.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth J. Thomas did, on the 9th day of March, 1897, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William H. Thomas.

We therefore command you, the said William H. Thomas, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth J. Thomas and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth J. Thomas, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
W. E. Burdick, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 9, 1897.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 218, June Term, 1897.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Hiram W. Burlingame did, on the 19th day of April, 1897, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Martha J. Burlingame.

We therefore command you, the said Martha J. Burlingame, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Hiram W. Burlingame, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Hiram W. Burlingame, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
Benton & Gallup, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 9, 1897.

Orphans' Court Sale.

ESTATE OF GRANT V. STULL, DECEASED.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF ORPHANS' Court of McKean County, there will be exposed to public sale at the dwelling house on the premises, on Friday, the 10th day of December, 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following parcel of land, situate in the township of Eldred, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania: Beginning in the center of the highway leading down the west side of the Allegheny river, at the northeast corner of a lot of land, conveyed by C. B. Stull and wife in his life-time to T. C. Wainman and C. J. Foster, by deed dated Jan'y 1st, 1872, and recorded in McKean county in Deed Book "[illegible]," page [illegible], thence west by the north line of the homestead farm of the late Caleb B. Stull, deceased, to the northwest corner thereof; thence south forty rods; thence east to the highway aforesaid; thence along said highway in a northerly direction to the place of beginning. Containing about [illegible] acres, and being the same premises bequeathed by C. B. Stull, deceased, to his wife, Ruth, for and during her natural life and at her death to said Grant V. Stull in fee, to him, his heirs and assigns forever, as will more fully appear by the will of C. B. Stull, deceased, proved April 1st, 1881, and recorded in McKean county, Register's Docket [illegible], page [illegible], to which reference is had. Ruth Stull, the widow of C. B. Stull, deceased, died about the year [illegible]. About [illegible] acres improved with one dwelling house, [illegible] feet, two stories high with wing [illegible] and one-half stories high, one spring of water near and above the dwelling house, one west frame barn [illegible] feet and usual other buildings, [illegible] apple, 5 pear and 2 plum and other fruit trees thereon. Terms of sale, twenty per cent. cash down, twenty per cent. of the balance on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by bond and a mortgage on the premises, [illegible]

E. R. MAYO, Att'y, &c.
GILBERT MOODY, Administrator, &c.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE [illegible]

[illegible]

2.

[illegible] to the place of beginning. Containing [illegible] square feet of land [illegible] as shown on map of the [illegible] Farm, as surveyed and drafted by Frank M. Webster, surveyor. [illegible] L. Vegus [illegible] by deed dated June 28, 1893. Improved and having thereon a one and one-half story frame dwelling house with one story addition on the back, chicken bark and barn, a few small fruit trees and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Margaret L. Vegus at the suit of The Star Lubricating Oil Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, assignee of A. W. Barrows, agent.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the borough of Kane, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. [illegible], being lot No. 115 on Janeway street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the north line of Janeway street three hundred fifty (350) feet eastward of the northeast corner of Janeway and Yarnall streets; thence by the north line of Janeway street (33 feet from the center thereof) north seventy (70) degrees east fifty (50) feet to a post; thence by lot No. 117 north twenty (20) degrees west one hundred forty (140) feet to a post; thence parallel with Janeway street south seventy (70) degrees west fifty (50) feet to a post; thence by lot No. 113 south twenty (20) degrees east one hundred forty (140) feet to the place of beginning. Containing seven thousand (7000) square feet more or less and being the same land conveyed to Sophia Olson by Evan O'N. Kane by deed dated the [illegible] day of December, 1896, intended to be recorded. From which was excepted and reserved however all petroleum, carbonated hydrogen and other volatile or inflammable minerals and gases and also all rights reserved in said deed of Evan O'N. Kane, conserving the use of said property so far as the same were legally reserved and excepted in said deed, together with the appurtenances. Improved and having thereon a two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Sophia Olson and Nels Olson at the suit of the People's Building and Loan Association of Ridgway, Pa.

W. W. Barbour, plaintiff's attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land situate in the Fifth Ward of the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania: Beginning at the northeast corner of lands deeded by Nancy J. Pierce and Geo. S. Pierce to Joseph Duke by deed dated October 1st, 1891, and at the southeast corner of lands owned by Nancy J. Pierce, and running thence northerly along the westerly line of Pierce alley twenty-five (25) feet; thence northwesterly along the northwesterly line of Nancy J. Pierce's land to the Tuna Creek; thence southerly along the easterly bank of the said Tuna Creek twenty-five (25) feet; thence southeasterly along Nancy J. Pierce's south line to the place of beginning. Excepting and reserving therefrom all that portion of the above described premises conveyed by Nancy J. Pierce and Geo. S. Pierce to the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Co., by deed dated Aug. 1st, 1883, being the same premises conveyed to Elizabeth Wheeland by James McKittrick and wife by deed dated September 4th, 1889, and recorded in McKean county in D. B. No. 64, page 510, and by Elizabeth Wheeland and husband to Gustaf Kohn and Irene Kohn by deed dated Oct. 7th, 1892, not yet recorded. Improved and having thereon one two story frame house with addition and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Gustaf Kohn and Irene Kohn at the suit of Harry Mantz.

E. R. Mayo, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the borough of Kane, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Beech and Elk streets; thence east along the south line of Beech street fifty feet (50 feet); thence south parallel with Elk street [illegible] feet; thence west parallel with Beech street 50 feet; thence north along east line of Elk street to the southeast corner of Elk street and Beech street, the place of beginning. Improved and having thereon one one and one-half story frame house, thirteen young fruit trees and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Carrie A. George and John W. George at the suit of Mary L. Ray.

Shaffer & Shaffer, plaintiff's attorneys.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the borough of Kane, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2210, being lot No. 25 Sedgwick street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the north line of Sedgwick street, three hundred feet (300 ft.) eastward of the northeast corner of Sedgwick and Dawson streets; thence by the north line of Sedgwick street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) south seventy degrees west fifty feet (S. 70 degrees W. 50 ft.) to a post; thence at right angles thereto north twenty degrees west one hundred forty-five feet (N. 20 degrees W. 145 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Sedgwick street north seventy degrees east fifty feet (N. 70 degrees E. 50 ft.) to a post; thence south twenty degrees east one hundred forty-five feet (S. 20 degrees E. 145 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing seven thousand two hundred fifty square feet (7250 sq. ft.) more or less and being the same land conveyed to Wm. Akerly by Evan O'N. Kane by deed dated July 1st, 1896, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county in Deed Book Vol. [illegible] at page [illegible], etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said deed. Improved and having thereon one two story frame house with ell and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William Akerly at the suit of the Ridgway Building and Loan Association.

Neil C. MacEwen, Fred H. Ely, plaintiff's attorneys.

8.

Defendants' interest in all the undivided one-half part of those two certain parcels of land situate in the township of Ceres, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, viz.:

FIRST PARCEL.—Being parts of Warrants Nos. 4124 & [illegible], beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 11, as laid on map of the lands late of C. T. Chamberlain, deceased, by E. King, surveyor; thence south 4 & ¾ degrees west 125.3 perches; thence north 3 & ¾ degrees east 28 perches; thence west 12 perches; thence north 6 & ¾ degrees east 62.3 perches; thence south 87 degrees east 20 perches to place of beginning. Containing 22.3 acres more or less, being lot No. 10 on said map of the Chamberlain lands. About one-half improved.

SECOND PARCEL.—Beginning at a point in the south line and 22.5 perches from the southwest corner of a lot conveyed by Milton B. Fobes & wife to Chas. A. & Spencer S. Bullis, by deed dated July 5th, 1880, and recorded in McKean county in D. B. No. [illegible], page 371; thence north 69 & ¾ degrees east 25.8 perches; thence north 89 & ¾ degrees east, 18 perches; thence north 37 degrees east, 12 perches; thence north 22 & ¾ degrees east, 14 perches to a post corner; thence south 43 perches to the south line of aforesaid lot conveyed by said Fobes to said C. A. & S. S. Bullis; thence west along the said south line to the place of beginning. Containing 7.4 acres more or less, both above described lots being the same conveyed to Anna Clark and Nels Fredericks by Willis S. Fredericks by deed dated Aug. 9th, 1892, and recorded in McKean county in D. B. No. [illegible], page 423, to which reference is had for more complete description, subject to right-of-way to lay pipe lines in the public road through said lands, by grant by J. S. & W. M. Shiver to B. P. Marcus, dated April 1st, 1895. Improved and having thereon one one story board dwelling house, one small orchard and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Anna Clark, surviving defendant, at the suit of W. G. Roberts.

E. R. Mayo, plaintiff's attorney.

9.

Defendants' interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

FIRST.—All that certain lot or piece of land situate on the north side of Chautauqua Place in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, laid down and designated on a certain map entitled building lots of McDougal, Avery and Co., in Bradford, McKean county, Pa., 1879, L. Gorton, surveyor, as lots Nos. 3 and 4, Chautauqua Place, and having a frontage on said Chautauqua Place of fifty (50) feet, and running north from the north line of said street sixty-seven (67) feet more or less, and having erected thereon a certain two story frame double dwelling house known as numbers ten and twelve Chautauqua Place, and being the same land conveyed to L. Beam by Charles [illegible] and wife by deed dated April 1st, 1893, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county, in Deed Book Vol. [illegible], at page [illegible], etc.

SECOND.—All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Being two lots of land known and designated as lots numbered one (1) and two (2) according to a certain map entitled map of building lots of McDougal, Avery and Co., in Bradford, McKean county, Pa., 1879, by L. Gorton, surveyor, situated on the north side of a certain public street known as Chautauqua Place, each of said lots having a frontage of twenty-five (25) feet on said street and being sixty-five (65) feet more or less in depth, and having thereon erected a certain two story frame double dwelling house and being the same land conveyed to Emma Beam by Sarah [illegible] and husband by deed dated April 1st, 1893, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county in Deed Book Vol. 67 at page [illegible], etc.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Emma Beam and A. L. English at the suit of [illegible] and others.

H. R. [illegible], plaintiff's attorney.

J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 24, 1897.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators and Executors having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1897.

Second and final account of G. D. Coleman and Frank [illegible] Coleman, administrators of the estate of [illegible] Coleman deceased.

First and final account of L. J. Gallup, administrator of the estate of Orris W. Gallup, deceased.

First and final account of G. V. Gill, administrator of the estate of John T. Griffith, deceased.

[illegible], Register.
[illegible], Deputy.
Smethport, Pa., [illegible], 1897.

Wanted—An Idea

[illegible] Protect your ideas; [illegible] Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Every Lady

who has examined our line of JACKETS and CAPES remarks that it is the largest and most complete line ever shown in Smethport. We have them all unpacked now and ready for your inspection. The stobk embraces a complete line of

Jackets,

PLUSH and CLOTH

Capes.

The Plush Capes are very stylish this fall.

Jackets are a trifle longer with buttons mostly all out of sight and have braid trimming. We have about

One Hundred

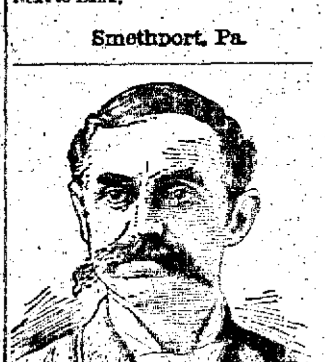
different styles to select from, so come early and get your choice of the styles.

We guarantee every garment to give satisfaction and make it right at any time. You have no risk to run if you buy from us. Prices lower than any place in town—quality and value considered.

J. Colegrove.

Next to Bank,

Smethport, Pa.



DR. E. GREWER,
ELOSKEY BLOCK,
Rooms 4 and 5. Bradford, Pa.

The Doctor is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physiology and surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. His specialties are Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases.

Diseases of the Nervous System.

The symptoms of which dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball rising in the throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startled when suddenly spoken to, and dull, distressed mind, which unfits them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, melancholy, tire easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constipation, weakness of the limbs, etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health.

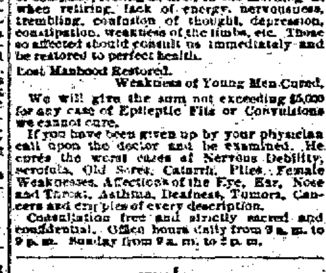
Lost Manhood Restored.

Weakness of Young Men Cured.

We will give the sum not exceeding $5,000 for any case of Epileptic Fits or Convulsions we cannot cure.

If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Scrofula, Old Sores, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weaknesses, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Deafness, Tumors, Cancers and Cripples of every description.

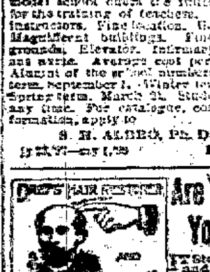
Consultation free and strictly sacred and confidential. Office hours daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sunday from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.



Mansfield State Normal School.

For both sexes. Fine courses [illegible] preparatory. Students prepared and admitted to the best colleges [illegible]. Special courses of music and art. Our large model school offers the fullest opportunities for the training of teachers. A large corps of instructors. Fine location. Beautiful grounds. Magnificent buildings. Finest of athletic grounds. Elevator. Infirmary, with attendant and nurse. Average cost per year, [illegible]. The Alumni of the school numbers over [illegible]. Fall term, September 1. Winter term, December [illegible]. Spring term, March [illegible]. Students admitted at any time. For catalogue, containing full information, apply to

S. H. ALBRO, Ph. D., Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.



Are You Losing Your Hair?

It Stops falling hair and makes the hair grow. Removes Dandruff. It is not a dye in any sense. It is a restorer in every sense.

No more gray hair [illegible]

For sale at all drug stores, or by

CHAS. A. DREFS, Chemist,
[illegible] Broadway, Buffalo.

Possibly You Have Lost It.

STOP AND SEE

Holder, the Grocery Man,

Opera House Block, Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]

One Minute Cough Cure, cures.
That is what it was made for.

STOVES.

This is the time of year when you will want to find the place where you can get the most suitable stove for the least money. We want your trade and we offer the greatest inducement—the best values for the least money.

We have in stock 50 styles of

COOK STOVES,
HEATERS,
RANGES

for gas coal and wood

FROM $2.00 UP.

Our long experience enables us to put the best stove on the market at very low prices. Try Mason before you purchase a stove, heater or range.

Mason's Hardware,

Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.

PAPER HANGING—

Always done neatly and artistically. Latest styles of paper constantly on hand from which to make your selections.

PROMPTNESS

Is a feature which characterizes this establishment. Give me a call. I shall be pleased to serve you to your entire satisfaction.

Smethport, Penna.

Now is the Time
to Buy Buggies.

During the balance of this month we will sell

BUGGIES AT A
DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

We have some good Bargains in second-hand Buggies. Don't let this opportunity go by without at least coming in and looking over our stock.

Oak Leather Harness & Carriage Co.,
192 Union Street,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Sign GRAY HORSE.

Xmas Gifts!

Nothing Daintier Than Perfume.

All prices, from 10c to $5.00. One quality the finest money can buy. New Odors. See our Window.

H. C. WELLS, Druggist,
Smethport, Pa.

For a

FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW

Step into the

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

BRASS & NICKEL
NOVELTY WORKS
Emporium, Pa.

Having erected one of the best Brass Furnaces in the State, we are prepared to turn out the best of

CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Also plating in

Gold, Silver and Nickel,

From a Spoon to a Bicycle.

Address:

Brass and Nickel Novelty Works,
Emporium, Pa.

NEW

WAGON and CARRIAGE
SHOP.

Having purchased the wood work department of C. W. [illegible], I am prepared to do all kinds of

WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK.

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style.

JOHN SERVATIUS, Smethport, Pa.

100 Styles of Stoves.

One advantage in buying at this store is that you can choose from one hundred styles of stoves. You can get just the stove you want. Another advantage is in prices with which no other store around here competes. Our prices are the result of buying and selling 500 stoves per year. We can only get so much business by selling low.

GAS HEATERS.

About 40 styles.

A perfect and powerful stove, 20 in. high, for $3. Move it anywhere—no chimney needed.

The Radiant Home No. 20,—the most popular open front heater ever sold here—$14.

No style of heater lacking here.
Mantle Heaters—
Pure Air Heaters—
Open and closed front heaters.

RELIABLE RANGES.

Made in 45 styles.

No one who knows about ranges doubts that the Reliable is the best range made.

We have tested it a dozen years, selling hundreds of them without one complaint. These ranges are better than the best of other ranges in twenty different points.

WOOD HEATERS in twelve styles and prices.

CHINA.

We carry in stock 40 styles of Dinner Sets, and all other China-ware in proportion.

100-piece sets as low as $6.50.

Haviland Dinner Sets $30 and up. This is the only store around here selling Haviland.

Any set sold here can be matched at any time.

White China for decorating.
Toilet Sets—Fancy Pottery.
Cut Glass—Lamps.

LAMPS.

About 200 styles.

On any lamp but a very cheap lamp there is considerable saving in buying here. You will appreciate the difference in prices as compared with the usual.

PAINT.

We sell all kinds of paint, but Rubber Paint is our specialty. We recommend it because it lasts three times as long as ordinary paint.

$19.50 For a $55.00 Demorest SEWING MACHINE. Every improvement.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co.,

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

Fall and Winter
MILLINERY GOODS

are here and the new designs and shapes are more stylish and beautiful than ever before, if such a thing is possible. The stock was personally selected by me. A visit to any of the stores is well worth your time, and if you contemplate buying you will be the winner.

Mrs. J. W. Reilly,

SMETHPORT, PA.

OLEAN BRANCH,
105 State Street.

Spring and Summer Suits.

Leave your orders now for suits. The patterns this year are way above the average, and our tailoring department was never so complete. In addition to this we carry an unrivaled stock of

READY-MADE SUITS,

For all ages. Children's suits from $1.00 up. Prices that correspond with the times.

Call and we will convince you that there not a clothing house outside of the very large cities that will give you such real bargains.

H. W. Rubin & Co.,
The Clothiers,

T. H. Purtle,
Smethport, Pa.,

Has the following For Sale at reasonable prices:

Two Top Buggies
One Three Spring Wagon
Two Farm Wagons, 4-in. tires
One Heavy Lumber Wagon
One Second-hand Lumber Wagon.

These will be sold at cost:

Fifteen sets of Buggy wheels
One dozen Buggy poles
Two dozen pairs of thills
2000 feet of clear pine siding
3000 feet of flooring and ceiling.

J. C. STULL, Farmers Valley.

New Goods! Lowest Prices!

My store is chock full of new goods and going at prices that are lower than ever before. Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain, Mill Stuff, Hardware, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes and all kinds of Rubber Goods. Sole agent for Snag Proof Rubber Goods in this vicinity. Your patronage solicited. Yours Truly,

J. C. Stull.

EXCELSIOR!

You see it written in the

Styles

Fit

Workmanship

Wearing-qualities

of our

WINTER WRAPS.

A new lot of excellent values just unpacked.

Other new goods this week

Hats and Caps

Hosiery and Underwear

Footwear

Cold Weather Goods

of all kinds.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

Smethport, Pa.

Nov. 4, 1897.

CRAYONS!

You want one. Am now enabled to furnish fine crayons for Christmas at lowest possible prices. These are extra fine and you will think so if you get one. Nothing better for a gift.

PICTURES!

Carbonettes, Cabinets, Views, etc., all up to date and as good as you can get anywhere.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,

Smethport, Pa.

"SHOES."

We will send to any responsible person SHOES to select from. We have everything in

Fine Shoes

In styles and quality that cannot be purchased in any small town. We make a specialty of FINE SHOES; every width and size.

HURT & PACKARD'S Korrect Shape Shoes for Men. We refer you to our many customers in Smethport.

H. W. Bloodsworth & Co.,

Olean, N. Y.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1897.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Did you give thanks.

—Turkeys had their innings yesterday.

—Of course you enjoyed your turkey and gave thanks.

—Ned Newman, who has been ill for some time is convalescent.

—The little son of Arthur Reed of Cole Creek is ill with scarlet fever.

—Sheriff Davis has a continued story in this issue, to run three weeks.

—C. H. Taylor is now sole owner of the Mt. Jewett Flint Glass Works.

—Editor Lucius Rogers inspected the G. A. R. Post at Port Allegany last Saturday.

—Arthur Williams and Miss Anna Leopold of Derrick City were married at Olean recently.

—Mrs. Henry Curtis, residing below East Smethport, is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism.

—Mrs. W. J. Myers of State Line, was taken to Warren last Monday by her husband and T. H. Ryan.

—William O'Reilly of Open Brook has a severe case of pneumonia. Dr. H. L. McCoy is attending him.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe entertained the teachers of our school and a few friends last Saturday.

—On Dec. 1 the ladies of the M. E. church will give an oyster supper at the chapel from 5:30 to 8 p. m.

—The court house clock was on a strike Monday and Tuesday, and each face of the clock showed different time.

—The hum of Gifford's mill again adds music to the air. Would that we could have more industries in our town.

—Miss Gertrude, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Moffit of Kane, died at Mt. Jewett last Saturday, aged about 16 years.

—Mrs. F. A. Mason has had a fine street light placed over the door of her handsome hardware store. It is a beaut and no mistake.

—Rev. I. T. Walker's lecture at the M. E. church last night was fine. There was a fairly good attendance considering the night.

—Hon. James W. Latta, Secretary of Internal Affairs of Harrisburg, will please accept the thanks of the MINER for a copy of his report for the year 1896.

—The engineer corps commenced work Wednesday afternoon locating the Olean & Smethport railroad. The managers expected to start a grading crew yesterday.

—Married, in this borough, at the M. E. parsonage, Thursday, Nov. 18, by Rev. Ira Taylor Walker, D. D., Mr. Edward Walsh of Olean and Miss Nellie Evans of Norwich.

—The K. O. T. M. of Ormsby will have a grand Christmas eve ball at that place December 24. Elaborate preparations are being made to give all a royal reception. See large bills.

—Capt. William Doble of Bradford was here last Thursday night and inspected McKean Post 347, G. A. R. The veterans had a most enjoyable time greeting their old comrades in arms.

—P. A. Dolke has dressed and placed in position a fine stepping stone in front of St. Luke's church. The stone is 4 feet, 6 inches long by 2 feet, 8 inches wide. This will be of great advantage to those driving to church and during funerals.

—B. C. Wells, druggist, has a change of advertisement this week. He calls attention to his complete line of Xmas goods and perfumes. Mr. Wells had an enormous trade in Christmas goods last year and his stock of presents for this season will be worth coming miles to see.

—Harry Rabin, while playing football last Friday, sprained his ankle and ruptured some of the ligaments of the foot. He is improving quite rapidly.

—A few friends of Erastus Curtis gathered at his residence last Saturday to celebrate his 88th birthday. They had a very enjoyable time talking over the days long past.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice for the week ending Nov. 20: Amelia Brown, John Burger, Miss Inlz Coles, James C. Disney, E. L. Ernhout, Asa Root.

—Sobel, who was tried at Ridgway last week, was found guilty of murder in the second degree. Judge Mayer sentenced him for twelve years and six months in the western penitentiary.

—Missouri is a great State with peach and pear trees bearing two crops of fruit in one year and men getting married who have passed the century mark. There is no telling what that State will do next to attract attention.

—Harry, the little son of Philetus Arnett of Cole Creek, aged 7 years, died of diphtheria last Monday night. Henry Herzog, an adopted son of Mr. Arnett, has been quite ill with the disease, but is reported as improving.

—There was considerable excitement in town last Saturday night, caused by the report that the Taylor well at Turtle Point had come in a ten barrel producer. But it was evidently a fake as nothing further has been heard.

—An editor's definition of the word editor: "An editor is a man who carries a pair of scissors in his coat pocket, a lead pencil in his vest pocket, a memorandum book in his coat pocket, and his wealth in somebody else's pocket."

—A. B. Armstrong and C. M. Colegrove of this place and J. H. Coon of Eldred, appointed by the court, went to Frisbee last Friday with the county commissioners and viewed the bridge recently erected and accepted the same.

—Attorney C. H. McCauley of Ridgway, well known here, was injured in a railroad wreck at Nesbit early Monday morning. He was occupying a sleeper when the two trains came together. It is hoped there is nothing serious.

—Monday's Gazette & Bulletin says that the large tannery at Watsontown was destroyed by fire Sunday morning. Loss estimated at $150,000, which it is thought will be covered by insurance. 100 men are thrown out of employment.

—The little daughter of Philetus Arnett of Cole Creek died last Sunday of diphtheria. Another child is ill with the fell disease. The family are reported in destitute circumstances. An order of relief was issued last Monday and their necessities supplied.

—W. D. Rock is spending a couple of weeks in Smethport instructing the laundry people in the use of the machinery recently placed in position. Mr. Rock is an expert in the laundry line, and will be able to give Mr. Stark, the proprietor, all the necessary pointers.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—That there is a wide distinction between victory and defeat was clearly demonstated in last week's Port Allegany Reporter. Brother Lillibridge devotes 15 inches of space in describing the Smethport-Port Allegany game, while a nine line article describes the Bradford-Port Allegany game.

—The C. L. S. C. program for Tuesday Nov. 30, is as follows: "Imperial Germany," Mrs. Mary L. Keenan; "The Social Spirit in America," Helen S. Morrison; "The Modern Tall Building," Mrs. M. E. Richmond; "A study of Moltke," Mrs. Millie Beiver; "German History," Mrs. Earl Shooke.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Brown of Eldred mourn the loss of their only son, Frank, aged three years, who died Monday of last week of paralysis. Mr. Brown will be remembered by our readers as one of the board of county auditors from '94 to '96, inclusive. The MINER tenders sympathy to the bereaved family.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Advent Sunday) the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. At the evening service the first of a series of plain talks on practical subjects will be given. Young men are cordially invited to attend. The subject for next Sunday evening will be, "A Man's Value."

—We are requested to state that the parties suing for a divorce under the names of Anna D. Miller vs. Martin Miller, mention of which was made in our issue of Nov. 12, are not Mr. and Mrs. Martin Miller of this borough, who have been pestered by inquiries from busy bodies, who have no other work on hand.

—The Port Allegany Reporter has passed its first mile stone under the able management of W. L. Lillibridge. That he has made a success of the Reporter, there is no gainsaying. The MINER hopes that the bright sun of prosperity will continue to shine upon Mr. Lillibridge and his able assistant, Miss Belle Lillibridge.

—A new time table went into effect on the P. & W. yesterday. The passenger train due to leave Kane at 10:30 a. m., now goes at 10:15 and the train which arrived at 4:20 does not reach Kane until 5:05. Unless the B. B. & K. waits at the "Y" there will be no connections for Bradford on the evening train.—Monday's Kane Republican.

—We are getting to the front—even the Salvation Army has come. Two members came up from Olean Wednesday night and held forth in front of Mr. Schoonmaker's place of business. This, with the prospect of a new railroad, a new gas line desiring to come in and glass plants anxious to locate here, makes it look quite faverable.

—Cleveland has undoubtedly become sick of the old refrain, "Grover and four more years of clover," as he utterly refused to have his young heir called by the name that has been cursed from Maine to Oregon and from Minnesota to Key West. The young hopeful has been christened Richard Folsom Cleveland in honor of his grandfather on his mother's side.

—The following press notice is one of many accorded DeMotte's admirable illustrated lecture, "Python Eggs and the American Boy:" "The audience scarcely moved from the moment of his appearance until the last word was uttered. Never was a lecturer's words so closely listened to and his every thought grasped by the audience."—Arkansas City (Kan.) Traveller, April 27, 1897.

—There was a pleasant reception at the M. E. parsonage last Friday night, which was somewhat marred by the arrival of a telegram announcing the death of J. C. Wells of Wilkes-Barre, the husband of Mrs. I. T. Walker's sister. This somewhat necessitated the curtailing of the program, but Mr. Walker and his estimable wife had the pleasure of meeting many of our townspeople.

—The following persons have been granted marriage licenses: Edward Welsh, Olean, N. Y., and Miss Nellie Evans, Norwich; Peter J. Cronson and Mary Donovan, Kane; Edward Dwyer and Mary E. Harrington, Kane; Jonathan Colegrove and Mrs. L. T. Capehart, Smethport; Matthew J. Butler and Lucy M. McQuirck, Annin township; Salvatori Talarico, Clermont, and Miss Viola Coleman, Bradford.

—A certain class of hoodlums carousing around nights had better take heed or they may find it necessary to answer a call from the justice for making night hideous with their yells, to say nothing about the destruction of property. Boys be warned in time and save trouble.

—"Always stand up for your town," says the Towanda Journal. Right, quite right. The man who does not do that is not worth space in any town, and we don't care how big he is or how little the town is. It's his town, and he ought to stand up for it or—get out.—Phila. Inquirer. And a man who will not stand up for his town and do everything honorable for its advancement ought to be Kaned.

—Except for the presence of mind of a few collected gentlemen present at the Coleman-Ellingsfeld wedding Wednesday evening which prevented a stampede at a moment when a joist gave way under the floor, in all probability disaster was avoided which might have resulted in serious accidents if not fatalities.—Port Allegany Reporter. Well, next time keep the heavy weight District Attorney out of the crowd and you will avoid such dangers.

—The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin truthfully says: "Binghamton papers are making a strong effort to establish a beet sugar factory in that town. If the conditions are favorable at Binghamton for such an industry, why could not a similar plant be located here, this vicinity having more advantages for growing, manufacturing and shipping than the New York State town." Our farmers should exert every effort to grow the sugar beet.

—The Shawmut Coal Co., of Elk county owns 10,000 acres of land and its chief business is lumbering and coal mining. In order to attract a good class of laborers, the company has laid out small farms, which can be purchased by their employees on long and low terms. How many acres of good farming land is going to waste in this county? Many a poor man could secure a home if only the proper encouragement was given him.—Cameron County Press.

—The Smethport football team defeated the Port Allegany team by a score of 4 to 0. This recalls to mind that Smethport has two football teams, the High School and the All-College team, made up as follows: Small, of Harvard; Anderson, of Wesleyan; Hamlin of Yale; Hamlin of Hobart; Tull, of Trinity; Mitchell, of State College; Mullin, of Ann Arbor; Boulon, of De Veaux; Hamilton, of McGill, and Backus and Knapp, of Col. Olson's College for Great Men.—Bradford Star. Right you are neighbor, only the score of the game, we are sorry to say, should be reversed, as Port Allegany carried off the laurels.

—The Titusville Poultry Association, Titusville, Pa., organized in 1895 will hold its third annual Exhibition, Dec. 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1897. All indications point to a successful affair. The premiums are liberal and the special premiums far in excess of anything heretofore offered. Two large ground floors connected rooms for the exhibition have been secured in the center of the city which will be illuminated with four arc lamps. Premium lists are now ready and will be mailed to any who may apply. Col. J. H. Cogswell, a veteran newspaper man, is president; E. W. Watson, a celebrated breeder of Wyandottes is treasurer, and C. M. Hayes, secretary.

—Married, in this village at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Tabor, Monday, Nov. 22, by Rev. Ira Taylor Walker, D. D., Mr. Jonathan Colegrove and Mrs. Lettie Tabor Capehart, both of Smethport. The happy couple departed on the 11 o'clock train for Washington, D. C., where they will spend sometime and then take a trip through some of the southern States, where the groom will take pleasure in showing the bride some of the scenes that he passed through from '61 to '65. After that they will come north and enjoy the holidays with friends at Elmira and the first of the year will find them at home to welcome their friends here. The MINER tenders congratulations.

—"Before the stewart takes up the collection," said a preacher in a neighboring town, "I would like to make a few remarks. There are over two hundred persons in the house, containing sinners and saints, big and little, male and female, not including the crying babies. If each person here thinks my sermon worth the price of a beer or a nickle cigar, five cents or a dime, let them pay that amount. If each pay a nickel it will make a total of $10 this evening. This amount every week in the year would pay my salary. A sermon that isn't worth a nickel isn't worth coming to hear and the person that will beat the Lord, the preacher or the printer is a goat of the most odorous kind."

—By reading the following from the Hardwick Gazette, published by our old friend, C. O. Laymon, formerly of Port Allegany, all of his old friends will be surprised to discover what a "Beau Brummel," he has become since he has been living in the Green Mountain State and became acquainted with her fair damsels: "At the recent concert at the academy very many of the ladies, in fact a majority of them removed their hats. It was appreciated by everyone in the hall. It is hard to understand how the custom of retaining their hats in public places became prevalent among ladies as it was noticeable the other evening that ladies with hats off look fifty per cent more handsome than the others. But the Hardwick ladies need not take hats off in order to be handsome."

Great Danger in Coughs.

A neglected Cough is source of imminent danger to all. Ballard's Horehound Syrup is guaranteed to cure the worst cough, Whooping Cough, sore throat and all other coughs. Chadwick's Drug Store.

Disfigurement for life by burns and scalds may be avoided by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and for all kinds of sores and skin troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

You can't cure consumption but you can avoid it and cure every form of throat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Come early if you want pictures for Christmas. Don't wait for sunshine. Can make good pictures cloudy days. Place your orders early. GLEASON

A gift for Christmas; that makes everyone think. Why not get a crayon of Gleason. Order at once for Christmas.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Peerless Oysters received daily at Fresh Fish and Oyster Depot. 25c per quart. Bring pail.

The finest of room moulding 50 varities to select from. Call on L. Keenig Water street.

Our bread is made at home. Try it. Ives Cafe is the place.

Get your Deutche Sauer Kraut and Speck at Colegrove's

For pure milk patronize Dodge & Sherburne.

Get your milk of Dodge & Sherburne.

Home-made bread at Ives.

Get your bread at Ives.

Obituary

Baker J. Stull died at his [illegible] Farmers Valley [illegible] pumpkin, aged [illegible]

The deceased was born [illegible] and had [illegible] place. He was married to [illegible] with Oct. 27, 18[illegible] The fruits of this union were three sons and one daughter, all very bright little children, who with the wife, an aged father, a brother (J. C. Stull, merchant at Farmers Valley), and one sister (Mrs. Flora Taylor of Turtle Point), are left to mourn his early taking away from the cares and toils of this life.

He was a man universally loved and respected by all who were fortunate enough to be his friends or acquaintances. He was an active member of the Baptist church. He was a member in excellent standing in the I. O. O. F., which was clearly exemplified by the large attendance of brethren last Sunday.

Last Sunday before the hour of 10 o'clock arrived, loving friends commenced to gather at the home of the departed and before the hour for services arrived the house and grounds were filled with mourning relatives and friends, to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom they all loved. A short service was held at the residence by the members of the Odd Fellows and the remains were placed in the hearse and taken to the church at Farmers Valley. Sixty-five carriages were in line. At the church Rev. G. W. Halliwell of Kane preached a most eloquent sermon, paying many tributes to the upright and beautiful Christian character of the departed.

The remains were then taken to their last resting place where the order of which he was an honored member paid their last tribute of respect. The floral offerings were most beautiful.

Thus has an honored and upright man been called away in the prime of life to a higher and better home, while his mourning family are left to await the call of the Master to come and join the one whom they loved and honored in life.

Postoffice Muddle Arranged.

The question of the appointment of a postmaster to succeed W. P. Walsh has been an important question here for some time. J. C. Gallup and E. M. Kerns were the applicants for the position. Mr. Gallup was early in the field and secured the signatures of most of the residents in this borough to his petition. Afterward Mr. Kerns came out and secured a large number of signatures to his petition, many of them having signed Gallup's petition previous. This was practically the situation last Monday night when Congressman Stone arrived in town. After consultation with the friends of both parties and seeing the tangle that matters had assumed, the proposition was made and accepted by both parties, that Judge Morrison and Mr. Mayo should draw up the petitions and a committee of three be appointed to select a friend of each candidate, who should each take a petition and jointly go to each Republican patron of the office and without any solicitation present the petitions to him for signature, he to take his own choice, free and untrammeled by any urging from interested parties. Now the Republican voters can select their choice and the one having the highest number of votes will secure the plum. Let the majority rule.

Death of W. J. Hussey.

William J. Hussey died at his home at No. 252 Mechanic street, Bradford, last Tuesday at 9 o'clock of typhoid fever, aged 47 years.

Mr. Hussey was born in Keating township and for a number of years was a resident of this borough, having been proprietor of the Chautauqua House. He leaves a wife, two daughters, Bessie and Jennie, and one son, Francis, to mourn his departure. The deceased for a number of years has been engaged in lumbering at Glen Charles. He was a man well liked by all his associates. The remains were brought here yesterday morning. The funeral services were held in St. Elizabeth's church, Father Flood officiating. The remains were placed in St. Elizabeth's cemetery on Rose Hill.

There was a large gathering of mourning relatives and friends present to take a last look, ere his remains were placed in their last earthly resting place.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of to-day is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds, and for all affections of throat, chest and lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me, and I want all my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

J. M. Thirswend of Groesbeck, Texas, says that when he has a spell of indigestion and feels bad and sluggish, he takes two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers at night, and he is all right the next morning. Many thousands of others do the same thing. Do you? A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The undersigned will start a milk route in Smethport Wednesday morning, Dec. 1. Milk tickets can be obtained at the stores of A. B. Armstrong & Co., and H. C. Wells.

47-tf DODGE & SHERBURNE.

Billiard Table For Sale.

I have a billiard table, etc., in good order that I will sell very cheap. Call on or address, FRED J. SILFIES,

47-4t Clermont, Pa.

There is no need of little children being tortured by scald head, eczema and skin eruptions. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives instant relief and cures permanently. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Have you seen "Solomon Isaacs?"

An awful fine cigar—"Solomon Isaacs."

Five cents will buy a "Solomon Isaacs."

Don't fail to get a "Solomon Isaacs" cigar.

Are you contemplating buying a Piano or Organ? Drop us a postal for free catalogue and lowest prices ever offered.

C. WILLARD & CO.

42-tf Olean, N. Y.

Best Oyster Stew in town at Fresh Fish and Oyster Depot, only 15c. Next door to Rooney's.

The milk that is furnished by Dodge & Sherburne cannot be excelled by anyone.

Cash paid for Fresh Eggs at Fresh Fish and Oyster Depot.

E. C. [illegible]

Deutsche Sauer Kraut at Colegrove's.

PERSONAL MENTION

[illegible]

[illegible] Wednesday [illegible]

W. S. Roberts of Eldred was in town Saturday.

Mrs. W. D. Gallup visited Buffalo Wednesday.

Mrs. J. W. Button visited Bradford Wednesday.

J. M. McElroy spent his Thanksgiving at Oil City.

T. F. Hungiville visited Bradford last Tuesday.

Sheridan Gorton went to Coudersport Tuesday.

Chas. Paulson of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday.

O. J. Hamlin went to Buffalo Wednesday afternoon.

Fred J. Silfies of Clermont was a pleasant caller Tuesday.

P. C. Freeman of Davis was a pleasant caller last Tuesday.

Mrs. Freeman Chadwick departed for Ridgway yesterday.

Miss Ella Grate departed for Harrisburg Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Hazelton and little son went to Hazelhurst yesterday.

Emil Thamm visited Colegrove on a business mission Tuesday.

J. N. Apple and Wm. A. Young visited Bradford last Monday.

Col. A. I. Wilcox partook of Thanksgiving dinner at Bradford.

Sheriff J. F. Davis transacted business at Port Allegany Monday.

Mrs. James McGuier and daughter, Edith, visited Bradford Monday.

Miss Carrie Schott returned to her home home in Olean Thursday.

W. H. Randall of Duke Centre was in town on business Tuesday.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., took in the football game at Bradford yesterday.

Wm. Evans of Norwich was greeting old friends in town Wednesday.

Gen'l W. B. Clarke had official business at Bradford the first of the week.

Chas. Oberg of Mt. Jewett was in town for a short time on business Monday.

Judge Morrison and wife went to Tidioute Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving.

Hon C. W. Stone of Warren was a guest at the Wright House Monday night.

Mesdames R. L. Knapp and Sheridan Gorton visited Bradford last Saturday.

F. O. Wright arrived home from White Plains, N. Y., to spend Thanksgiving.

Attorneys S. W. Smith and C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany were in town Tuesday.

Att'y E. E. Tait of Bradford was in town Monday in the interest of the new railroad.

Doctors John Clark and Burg Chadwick, and W. H. Morrison visited Coudersport last Tuesday.

Mrs. Warley and Miss Ethel Gifford went to Cleveland Tuesday to spend Thanksgiving with Roy.

F. Olmsted of Binghamton, N. Y., arrived Wednesday night and is the guest of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

Comrade B. F. Wright visited Kane last Tuesday night and inspected C. F. Biddle G. A. R. Post.

Mrs. Fred McCoy departed for Ellicottville last Monday for a Thanksgiving visit at her childhood home.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Forsythe left for New York City Monday where they will make an extended sojourn.

F. L. Holmes and daughter, Ruth, left last Wednesday for a visit to Harrisburg and other eastern cities.

H. G. Mitchell of Bolivar, N. Y., arrived yesterday to spend Thanksgiving with his son, G. W. Mitchell.

John Dorr and C. O. Carlson, two of Mt. Jewett's hustling business men, were brief visitors at the hub Saturday.

E. M. Sternberg, W. W. Seymour and F. G. Pickard all of Ormsby were pleasant callers at this office last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Marsh of Belfast, N. Y., arrived last Friday and have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. T. H. Ryan.

Miss Lydia Burlingame came up from Olean Wednesday night. A reception was tendered her in honor of her birthday.

Mrs. Kate Taylor and daughter, Miss Bessie, arrived home from Hickory Hurst last Friday and will reside here for the future.

Rev. G. W. Halliwell and Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hopkins of Kane drove down Sunday to attend the funeral of Baker Stull at Farmers Valley.

Jas. A. McKean and J. C. Gallup were in Bradford last Thursday enjoying the colored foot ball game. Both declare it the best entertainment they ever attended.

John Gibbs of Ludlow was at the hub Monday and when the snow began to fall John came near having a fit, owing to the fact that he could not get home that night. His reason for his haste was that he had a deer he had been salting all summer and was going to kill it on the first fall of snow.

Change of Time Table.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following changes in time table taking effect November 28.

Train 109 will leave Ridgway at 6:20 a. m., arriving at Falls Creek 7:20 a. m., DuBois 7:35 a. m., returning leave DuBois 7:40 a. m., Falls Creek 7:50 a. m., arriving at Ridgway 8:50 a. m., making direct connections at Falls Creek to and from points on Allegheny Valley Railway and for Clearfield, Curwensville and other points on B. R. & P. R'y and from Punxsutawney with train leaving that point at 6 a. m.

Train 19 will leave Ridgway 5:55 a. m., arriving at Clermont 10:00 p. m., returning leave Clermont 10:40 a. m., arriving at Ridgway 11:30 a. m. connecting at Clermont with W. N. Y. & P. trains to and from Olean and other points on that line.

Train 8 will leave Kane 6:27 a. m. instead of 6:30 a. m. Train 6 will leave Kane 11:15 a. m. arriving at Ridgway 12:05 p. m. leave Ridgway 2:20 p. m. Train 3 will be made a little earlier west of Emporium. Train 4 will leave Kane 7:10 p. m. instead of 7:05 p. m. Train 15 will leave St. Marys 7:35 p. m. Ridgway 8:10 p. m. arriving at Kane 9:05 p. m. same as at present.

For other changes consult time tables to be procured from Ticket Agents.

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the Johnson Bros. of that place and they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to choose from, and skilled physicians ready to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family at a time when his child's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Made a New Man of Him.

Bryan, Ohio, Jan. 13, 1897.

Gentlemen:—For years I had been suffering from indigestion. Had a poor appetite and could not eat anything containing grease and had constantly a worn out feeling. After using three 50-cent bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin I am now able to eat anything my appetite craves and can say it has made a new man of me. Eli Bowen. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

For Sale or Rent.

A good farm of 100 acres, good bearing orchard, also a fine young orchard just beginning to bear. New barn just completed. New house nearing completion. Small stream of water and good springs on premises. Will be sold on reasonable terms.

H. W. BEHLEIN,

44-4t Farmers Valley, Pa.

"A Howling Success."

Wherever properly introduced Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as a cure for constipation, has met with a phenomenal sale. Many druggists cannot say enough in praise of its merits, as well as its great popularity with the people. In 10c trial size and also in 50c and $1.00 sizes, of A. B. Armstrong & Co.

For Rent.

On Oct. 1st the rooms over [illegible] [illegible]

M. N. Coman

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

Miss Mabelle Weaver is visiting in New York.

H. H. North will be a candidate for Congressional honors next fall on the Republican ticket.

It's a trifle early as yet to try and figure on the mayoralty contest, but several candidates are being quietly boomed. Among these is J. B. Sheehy, a well known business man of the city, who is one of the pioneers. Mr. Sheehy's friends are confident of his making a good run should he receive the nomination.

The following members of Star Conclave, Improved Order of Heptasophs visited Olean Wednesday night and were royally entertained by their fraters in that city: F. W. Hasting, W. D. Johnston, E. C. Adams, J. W. Baker, B. A. Harris, H. Friedenberg, J. F. Granger, J. W. Leisure, Geo. H. Mills, Fred Miller, R. Michael, H. B. Fike, T. A. Fangster, A. Simons, D. Whitestone, Geo. Woodard, Robert Weaver and W. G. McKay.

Robert H. Peters of New York, representing the Columbia Hosiery Company of that city, was in Bradford last week looking over the field with the view of locating a hosiery mill in this vicinity. He wants to organize a stock company with a capital of $15,000 and with it start a mill which will insure the employment of 60 operators.

Company C defeated the Rochester Y. M. C. A. football players in this city Saturday by a score of 65 to 0. The game was uninteresting, but was played in a good clean manner, the Rochester boys being the most gentlemanly lot of fellows Company C has met in some time. Co. C will wind up the season Thanksgiving day in a game with Niagara University to be played in this city.

Dr. J. G. Walker contracted blood poisoning while assisting in the performance of a surgical operation one day last week and is now at the hospital with a very sore arm. His case is not serious, however.

Bradford's school are overcrowded and the necessity of additional school accomodation is growing imperative. Superintendent Miller's report of the public schools for the month ending Oct. 29, shows an increase of 33 pupils over the attendance of the previous month.

The Columbian Club are preparing to present Clifford Malloy's pastoral drama, Vermont in December. The play will be handsomely mounted and given in a thoroughly artistic style.

Among the Bradford people who enjoyed the sights at the horse show in New York this week, were Att'y Tim Mullin, David Phillips and S. P. and Tom Kennedy.

For the year ending June 30, 1897, the receipts of the Bradford postoffice were $27,807.

The Era deserves great credit for so efficiently stimulating the interest of the business men of the city in Bradford's future welfare and progression. A very able editorial bearing on this subject appeared in one of last week's issues and immediately attracted notice, being followed by an enthusiastic meeting of business men in the rooms of the Grocers' Association. Nearly every firm of importance in the city was represented and as a result every man there signed an agreement to join the Board of Trade and do all in his power to add to the prosperity of the city. Bradford is beginning to realize that what she needs is new industries and there will no doubt be a decided movement in this direction at once.

Mrs. W. C. Rockwell, wife of Florist Rockwell, had an unpleasant experience last week. She stepped into the large refrigerator where the flowers are kept and the door slammed to, locking on the outside with a spring. Mrs. Rockwell was confined in the ice-box over an hour before she could attract anyone's attention and when finally liberated was nearly frozen.

Miss Edna Sloan, a favorite soprano of this city will sing at a concert in Franklin Friday evening. Miss Mary French Field, the talented daughter of the late Eugene Field, will appear at the same concert, reading selections from her father's poems.

The Liberty Hose Co. gave a social and grand ball at Exchange Lyceum Tuesday evening. It was a most successful affair in every particular.

Edward Keister, a young man employed in Johnson's mill at Sugar Run, was brought to to this city Saturday suffering from terrible burn. An oil lamp fell from the ceiling of the mill and exploded at Keister's feet, igniting his clothing and before he could be aided his left side was burned in a horrible manner. He was taken to the hospital where Dr. Johnson dressed his injuries which are feared will prove fatal.

A quiet session of councils was held Monday night. R. L. McCafferty and A. J. Wheeler were appointed collectors of city taxes for 1897-98.

The men regularly employed on the wells from the Devonian and Matson Oil Companies have been notified that they may continue in their present positions and commencing Dec. 1, their wages will be advanced $5 per month.

The annual ball of the Typographical Union was held Thanksgiving night at Exchange Lyceum. As usual a large crowd attended and a delightful time was passed by all. The music was furnished by Killingsmith's orchestra.

Co. C were to have played football at Kane Tuesday, but received a telephone message to the effect that on account of a heavy fall of snow the Kaneites would prefer to have the game declared off, and Co. C agreed to do so.

Constable Tadder has for two weeks held a warrant for the arrest of Frank Brown who eloped with 13-year-old Grace Lee and had not made a move to capture him until Tuesday, when he left for New Castle where the couple are said to be living. Brown is charged with abduction and as the John S. Melvin Post has taken the matter in hand he will probably be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The first Orpheus Club dancing party of the season will be given at the Lyceum tonight.

The proceeds of Thursday's game between Co. C and Niagara University will be divided equally among the players of the home team. The team was banquetted in the evening at the St. James.

Frank Deering, an employee of the B. R. & P., was thrown from a car near Golden, Tuesday, and his head completely severed from his body. Deceased leaves a wife and four children who reside at West Seneca, N. Y.

CLERMONT.

The Independent Gas Company have commenced well No. 2, which they expect to finish by the holidays. This time they are only drilling for gas and not for oil. However they are determined to get a second gas line into Clermont.

L. Bayer and Dr. Albert Sigmann left on Monday for Pittsburg and other places in the western part of the State, with a view of finding a good location for the Doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Steinhaur and son, Theo, and Miss Fannie attended the funeral of Baker Stull at Farmers Valley on Sunday last.

Mrs. Ben Fiddler started for her home at Coal Glen, Pa., on Tuesday last.

It is rumored that there will be a change in one of our business firms in the near future.

Albert Anderson now handles the reins over L. Bayer's dray wagon. This is now business for Albert, but he seems to take well to it.

TURTLE POINT.

Turtle Point is not dead yet, as we are to have a new cheese factory. Carl and Wirt of Ceres were here Monday and located the spot on which they are to build soon.

James Taylor went to Ormsby on Sunday last, returning the same day.

Benjamin Taylor made a trip to Mt. Alton Saturday last returning Sunday.

Willard Taylor had business in Port Allegany Saturday.

C. K. Scott and John Fay, oil men from Wellsville, were here Tuesday looking over the prospects for oil.

One of the tool dressers had one of his hands so badly crushed on Saturday last that he could not work. Dr. Strobridge was called to attend.

D. W. Woodard has just finished a new porch on the residence of Frank Taylor.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

THOS. H. CLARK,

(Successor to W. P. Walsh.)

Practical Plumber,

Gas and Steam Fitter.

Dealer in

Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Wash Basins, Gas Stoves, Gas Fixtures, Steel and Tin Roofing, etc. Also Galvanized Conductors and Tin Spouting.

Agent for the Welsbach Lamps.

Thos. H. Clark,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Smethport Mills,

Cor. Mill and Mechanic, Sts.,

C. E. BARRETT,

Proprietor.

I sell

WINONA FLOUR

It is the best.

All kinds of

Custom Grinding

well and promptly done.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

a specialty. Bring a sample grist and be convinced that I make the best to be had

GAS

FOR

PAINLESS

EXTRACTION.

Dr. F. C. Pierce,

Smethport, Pa.

Office over Young's Store

FOR 1897

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work gurranted.

C. SASSE,

Smethport, Pa.

LEE ONN'S

Smethport Steam Laundry.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

—CUT PRICES—

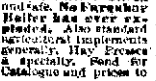
Shirts, 5c; lace curtains, 25 cts pair; family washing 50c per basket; shirt waists 5c. Laundry when ordered.

Leave laundry for me, Crosby, M. Erhart; Colegrove, F. Berryman; Ormsby, W. Taylor; McKean's Mill, E. M. Roberts.

FARQUHAR

Variable Friction Feed

SAW MILL



and

Ajax Center Crank Engine

Rapid, accurate, strong and simple, with large capacity. Engines on sills or wheels. Strong and safe. No Farquhar Boiler has ever exploded. Also standard agricultural implements generally. Hay Presses a specialty. Send for Catalogue and prices to

A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd., York, Pa.

WANTED—A position as book-keeper or stenographer by a young lady graduate. She is thoroughly prepared and anxious for experience. Moderate salary. She is one of the very finest writers in the State. Send for a specimen of her work. If you have a position of any kind to offer. Address Bradford Business College of Employment, Bradford, Pa.

DESIRABLE REPRESENTATIVE WANTED in this county for the Acetylene Gas Machine; finest light known for city or country residences, churches, stores and schools; brilliancy far exceeding electric light or city gas, at one half cost; absolutely safe; easily operated. Unusual opportunity. Address for terms and full information

THE CRAIG REYNOLDS FOUNDRY CO.

Dayton, O.

TRADE AT FORD'S IT PAYS.

You are Always Welcome.

Plain Facts.

People are gradually coming to their senses, and they turn their backs on the trashy mess that is made to masquerade as bargains and come to FORD'S RED FRONT for their Good, Reliable Clothing. If you want CHEAP SUITS, we have them, but they are well made and timmed. Men's Suits as low as $4.98. We have the best line of Children's School Suits in Olean. Our Fall Hats are here. Have all the new colors—English Brown, Dark Green, Black, Wine, Etc., in all the new shapes.

FORD'S RED FRONT,

158 Union Street,

OLEAN, - - - - N. Y.

A GREAT BIG

BARGAIN

IN 5-CENT HANDKERCHIEFS

that we R running at 1c each. Only 2 for each purchaser at this price. Also a large line fine Swiss goods & silk mufflers. Silk ties from 10c to 65c. Fancy steel sleds & the price will surprise U. Bamboo easels from 25c to $1.25. Have you saw our 1492 wood Columbus clock? Talk about candy—we buy the stick by the cord & sell it 2 U for 10c lb. The finest chocolates at 20c lb. Good wood chairs $2.50 set 6 up to $6.25 set. On tinware we can't B beat. Tin wash basin 4c, steel enam'l'd 10c. These 2 R 10 & 40c goods. Just arrived a lot of those Coudersport wool pantz, $1.48 pair. The best bargain in wool horse blankets—a $5 blanket at $2 50. 3-cornered 4 inch file 2c each—good material slightly imperfect. Come early & select your Holiday goods while you have a good selection for at my prices they wil not last long. Ask 2 C those 15c Japanese tea pots—U wil want 1. Secure your underwear now while they are cheap, for the next lot will cost more. Get your flour where it is warranted good & cheap. Don't B fool'd into paying fancy prices. Don't reason teach U that U can get goods much cheaper for cash than they can B sold for on time? Our 25c long sleeve vests R the same some R selling at 50c. Our clothes pins at 1c doz R the same others sell at 5c doz. Slate pencils 10 for 1c. 25c stove pipe for 13c. 10c envelopes 2c pack. People that will hang 2 these old regulars & have the wool pull'd over their eyes & pay these old fancy prices must B dum dam fools & lone coddling & smoothe tongue flattery. We R here to sell goods & if our prices will not sell them we will not coax U. It is the cash that takes our goods.

A. E. STICKLES, Smethport, Pa.

PALACE PHARMACY,

Burg Chadwick, M. D., Prop.,

Retailer & Jobber of

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Extracts,

Toilet Articles, Etc.

WATCH

for

HOLIDAY GOODS

announcement.

Horses and Pianos.

We once saw a horse sold for ninety-five cents. He was just as high and just as long as any horse. This may not be an elegant comparison, but it applies. A low priced article is not a cheap article. A cheap article is not always low priced. A low priced piano is a questionable piano. A questionable piano is a bad piano. Hence buy the best—

BUY A CHICKERING.

It will cost you some money—all good pianos do. The difference is not so great, but the quality is beyond comparison. We exhibit all styles of Chickerings.

E. L. SMITH & CO.

Masonic Temple. Olean, N. Y.

Fall Millinery.

My stock has recently arrived and for style and quality it cannot be excelled.

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.

My new stock of single patterns is unequalled in this section. All the latest patterns—no two alike.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

Everything in this line that the most fanciful could desire. Don't fail to see my stock before purchasing.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh Home Made Candy at

Brasted's

Stark's Steam Laundry.

First-Class Work. Up-to-Date Ideas.

I am prepared, having employed a practical laundryman, to do everything in my line. Family washing a specialty.

Laundry called for Mondays and Wednesdays and delivered when ordered. WORK GUARANTEED.

Backus Block, Wash Stark,

SMETHPORT, PA. Manager and Proprietor.

[illegible] THE BAY.

[illegible] cottage door,
Watching the sunset's golden [illegible],
[illegible] to a summer guest,
[illegible] the lights almost shine through,
Then told the tale I tell to you.

The winds blew here, the winds blew there,
In sunny climes beneath the sun.
We dreamed they would some happy day
Bring tidings of our wandering one.

White ships came in from every sea
That [illegible] between the frozen poles.
We watched them heaving up the bay,
Their freights of hope [illegible] souls.

A loving heart came to me,
[illegible] with me, would not go away,
That even then I should hear his voice
[illegible] from the foaming bay.

One March day, when the tides were out,
My son and I sat in the sun.
[illegible] blossomed by the step.
"Tears pleased by our wandering one."

The neighbors dear the "fond conceit,"
But we both heard these words that day:
"[illegible] comes not to the watching heart.
Abide in peace and hope and pray.

"The sea is God's. All seas are one.
So all you have beside the bay
And think these [illegible] waves perchance
Are love's own hands that show the way
Between you and your lost today."

Since then springtime sweet peace is ours.
We [illegible] pray and calmly wait.
Our wandering boy comes near us now.
The sea [illegible] the heavenly gate.
—Annie A. Preston in Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE PROBLEM.

Mr. Richard Beechley told himself that he was a happy man. His friends congratulated him on his happiness. He had good health and a reasonably good education. He could play golf quite well. He could not play cards and had no wish to drink. He was going to make a name at the bar, but he could afford to wait for it in comfort, having £1,000 a year. And he was engaged to a very pretty girl. He told himself that he was a very happy man one morning as he ate his breakfast; he repeated the assertion with what would have been (had he spoken aloud) a note of great determination. Although he was alone in his chambers, he was very neatly dressed. His tea was poured out, he was rather thirsty, but he made a point of eating before he drank. Meantime he read his letters; those from his relatives began "Dear Richard," and congratulated him gravely; those from his men friends began "Dear Beechley;" not one called him "Dear Dick." A letter from the very pretty girl began "Dear Richard," and announced that she had prepared a surprise party for him that afternoon. He was to expect her at 4. He put the letter back in its envelope and made a note in pencil on the outside. Then he turned to the leading article in The Standard. When he had finished his breakfast, he made a pencil mark in the article to show the place he had reached, and went to his writing table. There he wrote out a telegram. It was addressed to Miss O'Donnell, 120 Egerton Gardens, S. W., and ran:

Don't come without a chaperon. BEECHLEY.

He sent his man with it to the telegraph office, and resumed The Standard.

I am sorry to say that 120 Egerton Gardens presented a somewhat painful contrast to the decorous establishment of Mr. Richard Beechley. Elsa O'Donnell, in a dressing gown and with her hair down her back, was belaboring with a pillow her brother Tom, who lay in bed and cried from time to time, "Stop, you little devil, stop!" while a vigorous knocking on the ceiling indicated that the noise disturbed the repose—it was half past 9—of somebody overhead.

"Say you'll come with me to Richard's."

"Keep your beastly prig to yourself."

Elsa stopped abruptly, dropped the pillow and turned away. She was of the fair type of Irish girl, with pale gold hair, and pale blue eyes, and a pale, beautiful skin, small and slender and upright. As she moved to the door Tom sat up in bed—a brown faced, pleasant fellow, with a tumbled, curly head—and called out eagerly:

"Hello, Elsa! I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to offend you."

She showed him a grave and slightly tremulous face. "All right, Tom. Only I wish you'd understand that I care about Richard and can't bear to hear him abused."

"I'm very sorry. It was beastly rude of me. Only one can't help seeing if there's a weak point in a chap, even if one's sister's going to marry him. I'm sure Beechley's a very good chap, but he is a bit reserved and—and that sort of thing, isn't he? That's really all I meant. I'll come this afternoon all right."

"No, no, Tom. It doesn't matter. I dare say the matter will come."

There was a knock at the door and a housemaid's voice. "A telegram for you, miss."

Elsa took it and looked at it for a longer time than the reading needed.

"Nothing wrong, Elsa?"

"No, only Richard can't be in this afternoon."

She went out of the room, and Tom muttered, "Damn the fellow!" as he settled his head on the pillow.

Ten minutes later a telegram was sent from Egerton Gardens:

Am not coming. ELSA.

* * * * * * *

The same day, at 4 o'clock, Richard Beechley went to Egerton Gardens.

"I was afraid you'd be out."

"Oh, no."

"But you wired you couldn't come"—

"I thought I'd remove all apprehension about the chaperon."

"Why, you know you said once you were going to lock me up alone, and I was afraid—you know, people don't understand"—

"You needn't explain. I quite understand. Only your fear was groundless."

"I'm very sorry if I offended you"—

"Not at all."

And then Tom came in and greeted Beechley with a somewhat measured politeness, and presently came in Elsa's father and mother and her younger sister Kate. Mr. Beechley discoursed on the bar as a profession and by and by took his leave. Tom saw him out of the house, and as he returned up the stairs met his father.

"Jolly fellow, isn't he?" said Tom.

"Don't talk to me about him," said Mr. O'Donnell.

Outside the drawing room door Kate appeared. She put her finger on her lip and made the most hideous grimace of disgust which her pretty face could achieve.

Meanwhile Elsa and her mother were alone.

"Elsa, my darling, are you really happy?"

Elsa averted her face. "Mother, I do love him, but—but I wish he were more like—more like Tom or father."

Mrs. O'Donnell gave a little sigh. "It's not the jolly, witty men who always make the best husbands," she said. "If you really love him, you mustn't mind his being serious; but make sure of yourself, my darling, that's all."

Elsa did not reply.

* * * * * * *

"Elsa, you don't really mean it? What reason have you? You give no reason"—

"What's the good of arguing about it? It's not a question of argument. I feel I can't marry you—that is enough. I beg your pardon with all my heart [illegible] disappointing you. But what [illegible] We could never be happy [illegible]."

"[illegible]" said Richard Beechley.

"[illegible] your sort, Richard. I know [illegible] dreadfully. I'm frequently [illegible] and foolish, and you're—[illegible]. We should never get on [illegible]."

Richard Beechley bit his lip and took [illegible] up and down the room. Then he [illegible] [illegible] being anxious, as you call it. I can understand I seem heavy to you"—

"Oh, don't, don't! I hate to hear you run yourself down."

"I'm not running myself down," said he stoutly. "I'd rather be as I am. I don't understand men like your brother. I don't see what their aim in life is. But, of course, you expect a lot of social tricks I haven't got. I'm sorry, but you must remember I've not been brought up in the sort of atmosphere you have. My people are so different. Elsa," he said suddenly, "we cared for one another. Don't give it up for such a little reason as that."

Elsa burst into tears. He leaned over her and tried to comfort her after his fashion. She let him kiss her passively. After awhile she spoke. "Forget what I said, Richard. I will try."

Tom O'Donnell, hearing the hall door shut, strolled up to the drawing room.

"You've been crying, Elsa," he said involuntarily.

"It's nothing," she said and went from the room.

Tom kicked over a chair, and, happening later in the day to pass Richard Beechley in the street, gave him the slightest possible nod.

* * * * * * *

The marriage was, of course, broken off. The conversation last reported took place again, twice, thrice, and then without the reconciliation, and the O'Donnell family were bright faced once more.

But the point on which perhaps it would be interesting to be assured is if they who loved Elsa were justified. One may wonder if he should be sorry or glad. A stolid, unimaginative husband and a light headed but simple hearted wife have been happy before now. In this case each went back to his kind. Beechley, if he marries now, will marry, I think, for convenience alone. He is suspicious, and he is not amorous. He has thrown himself heavily into his work and is very busy indeed.

The man to whom Elsa O'Donnell is now engaged is very popular with her father and her brother Tom. Elsa and he seem to be very fond of each other. They laugh together a good deal; they chaff each other wittily and have numberless secret jokes. On the other hand —such is the occasional balance of life —he is inclined to drink rather too much and is certain to go through the bankruptcy court sooner or later.

It is a small problem, this of the actual state and the foregone possibilities of Elsa O'Donnell, but I should rather like it to be solved.—Chapman's Magazine.

GREAT ON DOG SALMON.

But When It Came to Tyhee the Razorback Overmatched Himself.

Fish catching pigs are as common along the Puget sound waters as kingfishers are on an eastern trout stream. Why, I had an old razorback hog when I was out there that I'll bet could go out any day in any of the streams that tumble into Puget sound and catch more 15 pound salmon in 20 minutes than the best fisherman on the whole Jersey coast can kill bluefish in a whole day.

I owned quite a number of sawmills on the sound, and although there were a good many crack razorback fish catchers there I stood ready any time to back mine with my last mill against any other one, bar none, that could be brought on. That hog as a fisherman was simply a wonder, and he never caught anything but salmon. They were salmon that probably you and I would not care to eat, for they were a trifle weak and slightly under the weather—maybe the hookbill, but more than likely the dog salmon. And hogs are not the only four footed fishers for these out there either, not by a big sight. I have seen, within a distance of less than a mile along one of those Puget sound streams, half a dozen bears, a family or two of wildcats, a whole colony of raccoons, not a few wolves, besides a dozen or more razorback hogs, to say nothing of a score or so of eagles, all engaged in the sport of fishing for dog salmon.

But, speaking of that particular razorback salmon catcher of mine, he got so expert at landing dog salmon and hookbills and humpies and similar kinds that he got the big head and thought he'd try his hand, or rather his snout, on a run of fresh tyhees or chinooks. These are the boss salmon, and the nice, yellow, savory chaps you get in the cans they ship from out there. When he is feeling good, and that is pretty much all the time, you might as well take a fall out of your sawmill as fool with a tyhee. He doesn't think a thing of weighing 50 pounds, and he travels in processions so big that along in June, when he is going up the streams to the spawning beds, you can almost walk across a stream on the backs.

That hog of mine got it into his head that he was cut out for better things than yanking weak and tired dog salmon out of water and that tyhee were about his size. I saw him making his way one day very leisurely to a stream that ran toward the sound just back of my mill, and I thought it was a little queer, for there wasn't much in his foraging line in that direction. I was busy, though, and paid no attention to the matter. A minute or two later I heard the hog give a loud squeal of distress, and, looking in that direction, I saw him in the water, struggling to get away from something that had hold of him. I ran to give him some help and got there just in time to see the razorback jerked head first under the water and disappear beneath the surface like a stone.

A dead tyhee, maybe a 20 pounder, lay half on the shore and half in the water. Marks on it showed that the hog must have captured it. But tyhees weren't invalid dog salmon, and a couple of the captured fish's travelling companions, in my opinion, had rushed to its assistance. And was too late and vengeance took its place. The avenging tyhees had just reached out and taken Mr. Razorback by the neck, and, in spite of his resistance, had lugged him in and drowned him. He floated down half an hour or so later and was a little the worst looking pig I have ever seen. If he had been butchered, scalded, scraped and half dressed, he couldn't have looked more torn up. He was the only razorback I ever knew or heard of that tried to fish for tyhees. I was sorry to lose him, for I was counting on making a good deal of money on him, backing him in his line against all comers, but his ambition was fatal to all my hopes.—New York Sun.

Meteors.

Some time ago people on the Ramsgate cliffs, England, saw what was thought to be two rockets fired by a ship in distress on the Goodwins. The lifeboat went to the rescue and ascertained from the lightship men that the lights observed from the shore were not rockets, but falling meteors.

All birds when perched on trees or bushes serve as weathercocks, as they invariably arrange themselves with their heads to the wind.

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day. 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport Pa.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

ELEVEN HANDS OF POKER.

They Ought to Have Won Every Time, but Didn't.

It's the bewildering uncertainties of the great game of poker that make it so popular with most Americans. Systems and the law of average do not seem to obtain as much in the play of this game as they do in most other games of chance and skill. This point never was more strikingly illustrated than it was one night not long ago in the short space of half an hour.

The game is a regular institution on one of the late suburban trains out of New York. The first stop that is made by this train is exactly 30 minutes after the train leaves New York. The game always starts on time, and the cards are gathered up and the players jump off usually as the train begins to get headway after the first stop.

This explanation is necessary to fully appreciate the array of hands that makes the real point of this story. One player with a good memory held in the 30 minutes' play the following hands, with these results:

- Four aces—won, of course.
- Five full on aces—beaten.
- One flush—beaten.
- One straight—beaten.
- Three aces—beaten.
- Four sets of aces up—all beaten.
- Three sevens—beaten.
- Queens up—won.
- Jacks up—won.
- Tens up—won.
- Nines up on fours—beaten.

In this really remarkable collection of 11 hands only 4 of them were winners, and yet the man who held them says that he came out even. He got scared on his five full and on his flush and just called. He lost considerable on his three aces, but he won more on his queens up that he held only once than he did on his four aces. His jacks up netted him more than any other hand, for he had them pat and played them so on the opening of a fat jack pot.

The five full was beaten by a ten full and the flush was beaten by a queen full. None of the other men in the game thought that his hand was especially strong or weak, and it would be expected naturally that the array of hands given above would quit the game considerably to the good if one did not know that most of them were beaten.—New York Press.

FAMILY DISPUTES.

How They Were Once Settled by Fair Fight In Court.

In some parts of Germany, when the relations of husband and wife become strained, so to speak—in other words, when each returning day gives birth to new squabbles and the man's hand is as ready as the woman's tongue—the couple were brought before the magistrate, who, after listening to recriminations, ordered them to prepare for the ordeal by battle. The man was placed in a cask, which was then nearly filled with sand, so that he was covered up to the waist. In some towns a pit was kept handy for the purpose, just as the ducking stool was kept on Bankside, opposite St. Paul's. When he was thus half buried, the man received a short stick for his right hand, while his left hand was tied up across his chest. He was thus one armed and could only deliver his blows if his opponent came near enough.

The lady put on a linen garment, the right sleeve of which was lengthened. In the end was tied up a stone. The sleeve projected about 12 inches beyond her hand. She had thus a formidable weapon, but in order to use it she had to get close to the enemy. Now observe the situation and the chances. If she succeeded in bringing the stone down upon her husband's head, she might knock him senseless; she might even brain him, but in order to do so she would expose herself to the full blow of his stick. The battle might, in fact, be settled by a single assault. But mark the craftiness of man. It was better to make a woman ridiculous than to knock her silly. The husband, therefore, if he was a philosopher, did not try to hit his wife; he warded her blows with his stick. He tried to catch the sleeve upon his stick; then the stone flew round and round and the lady was caught. She could not move, and the victorious husband dragged her unwilling head first into his cask.—London Queen.

A Crusher.

An amusing story is told of the crown princess of Italy, who excited so much interest during her recent visit to London. The Montenegrin royal family is one of the oldest in Europe, but also one of the poorest, and the court is not large. When Princess Helene arrived in Rome, a distinguished lady in waiting tried to patronize her, but the crown princess effectually put a stop to this at once. "Your royal highness must find the court life a great change. The etiquette and stiffness must be very novel to your royal highness," was the remark made, but the princess replied, with sang froid, "On the contrary, I think it is wonderful how well things are done at court here—considering it is so very 'new.'"—Exchange.

Headaches.

For most aches of the head the hot water bag is a good friend, but when the face has the flush and the eyes show a peculiar look which tells of a congestive headache then heat in that neighborhood is insupportable. Instead of this apply cold. If you have no ice bag, fill your hot water bag pretty full of ice water, put in pieces of ice as large as will pass the mouth and lay this at the back of the patient's neck. Applied to the armpits and wrists, ice often affords great relief to the sufferer.

When Mr. Labouchere, the English journalist, was in St. Petersburg at one time, he saw the Dutch minister at a reception dive his hand deep into a box of cigars placed for the use of visitors and fill his pockets full of them before going.

A Piece of Parchment,

When unwritten on, is not more colorless than the cadaverous countenances of those unfortunate persons whom we are accustomed to call "confirmed invalids." What a misnomer! Implying, too, despair, a giving up for lost! As long as the vivifying power of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can be felt, and that is possible so long as there is no absolute collapse of the faculties, fresh vitality can be infused into wasted, feeble frames; color and flesh can be brought back to wanted, pallid cheeks with this grand sheet anchor of the debilitated and the sickly. It is a tonic of the greatest potency and the utmost purity, and a remedy for and preventative of dyspepsia, bilious, malarious, rheumatic, nervous and kidney complaints. Appetite and sleep are greatly aided by it; it counteracts the effects of undue fatigue, or alleviates and nullifies the often perilous consequences of exposure in inclement weather or damp clothing.

J. C. Berry, one of the best known citizens of Spencer, Mo., testifies that he cured himself of the worst kind of piles by using a few boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He had been troubled with piles over thirty years and had used many different kinds of so-called cures; but DeWitt's was the one that did the work and he will verify this statement if anyone wishes to write him. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A MANURE SHED.

What Pennsylvania Farmers Say About Keeping Manure Under Cover.

Four Pennsylvania farmers express themselves concerning manure sheds in the columns of The Rural New Yorker. A correspondent from Bellefonte believes that the practice of keeping manure under cover is a good one. His experience with stable manure convinces him that the uncovered manure pile is a source of loss to the farmer.

A farmer writing from Chester county tells that almost all the bank barns in southeastern Pennsylvania now have an "overshoot" for straw above and shelter for stock and manure below. Another correspondent in Chester county heard from said: "There need be no question about the value of a large shed at the barn for the protection of the manure and stock. If there is no shed, the cows ought to be kept in the stable most of the time, and the manure hauled to the field as fast as made. Hauling manure in winter through snowdrifts or rain and soft ground is not a good practice for this latitude. The very best plan is to have sufficient shedding to cover all manure wheeled from the stables, with some open yards besides."

From Northampton county came the following:

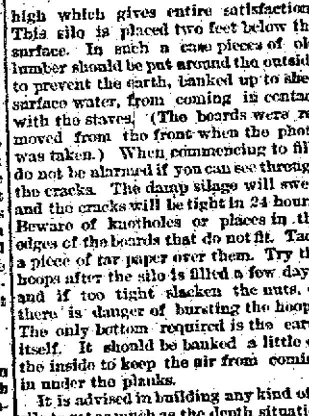
Manure such as generally seen in the barnyards of Pennsylvania, composed of straw, refuse stover and all stable cleanings, will require the ordinary rainfall to keep it at a proper moisture for decomposition. A roof would be detrimental to this class of manure. However, there should be great care that no water from roofs or any other source be allowed to run on and leach through it. Manure composed mostly of stable droppings, if to be kept a length of time, can be kept under cover if kept moist with water or stable drainage; if not kept at the proper moisture, it is far better to pile in a compact heap outside.

A covered barnyard invites an unprofitable condition to the farm. It should never be the question how to store manure, but how to apply it, always remembering that manure is worth more when first made than it will ever be worth again and should be applied direct from the stables or at the earliest possible time when it can be utilized.

The strawstack should not be a feature of the barnyard, as straw has a commercial and feed value in excess of the manurial value and should be utilized in the most profitable way. Instead of covering the barnyard, where the ultimate object is profit, it would be advisable to build a shed and buy potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen in its commercial form and mix especially for each crop to supplement the manure, and the profit will be a reality.

Stave Silos.

In a bulletin from the Ontario Farmers' institute is depicted a round stave silo 16 feet in diameter and 24 feet high which gives entire satisfaction.



A STAVE SILO.

This silo is placed two feet below the surface. In such a case pieces of old lumber should be put around the outside to prevent the earth, banked up to shed surface water, from coming in contact with the staves. (The boards were removed from the front when the photo was taken.) When commencing to fill, do not be alarmed if you can see through the cracks. The damp silage will swell and the cracks will be tight in 24 hours. Beware of knotholes or places in the edges of the boards that do not fit. Tack a piece of tar paper over them. Try the hoops after the silo is filled a few days, and if too tight slacken the nuts, or there is danger of bursting the hoops. The only bottom required is the earth itself. It should be banked a little on the inside to keep the air from coming in under the planks.

It is advised in building any kind of a silo to get as much as the depth situation will permit (up to 35 feet), and thereby reduce the surface exposure as much as possible. It should not be less than 20 feet. The following table, according to Prairie Farmer, will give the capacity near enough for practical purposes. It is safe to estimate 50 cubic feet per ton and 4½ tons for each animal during winter:

	Height of silo.			
Diameter of silo.	20 ft. Tons.	22 ft. Tons.	25 ft. Tons.	30 ft. Tons.
10 feet	31	34	40	47
12 feet	45	49	58	65
14 feet	63	68	77	90
16 feet	80	90	105	130
18 feet	100	110	125	150
20 feet	125	135	155	185
22 feet	145	160	180	215

Things That Are Told.

Long Island farmers are rejoicing in a large crop of potatoes, with good prices assured. A fine celery crop is in prospect.

The San Jose scale is proving very injurious to fruit trees and nursery stock in many parts of the middle and eastern states heretofore free from it.

As reported in The New England Homestead the Jersey sweet potato crop is large and the quality good from an acreage smaller than that of 1896.

One of the most satisfactory crops of cigar leaf tobacco, taking the country as a whole and excluding New England, has been raised the past season, according to The American Agriculturist.

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

In from 3 to 5 days' time by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days' time. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all first-class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport.

WARNING:—Persons who suffer from coughs and colds should heed the warnings of danger and save themselves suffering and fatal results by using One Minute Cough Cure. It is an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A. B. Armstrong & Co., offer some very handsome hammocks at very reasonable prices.

FORMING A CLUB.

They [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] clubs of [illegible]
Its [illegible]
But not [illegible]

"Already half the number's got,
A single smile from you
Will fill the list and found the [illegible].
This happy club of two.
Nay, nay, [illegible] stop! You think you'll join!
Oh, [illegible] that crowns my life!
You shall be all the officers—
And be, besides—my wife!"
—Harper's Bazar.

A GREAT PROBLEM.

The Missing Link Between Inorganic and Organic Life.

One great life problem remains which the doctrine of evolution does not touch. The origin of species, genera, orders and classes of beings through endless transmutations is in a sense explained, but what of the first term of this long series? Whence came that primordial organism whose transmuted descendants make up the existing faunas and floras of the globe?

There was a time, soon after the doctrine of evolution gained a hearing, when the answer to that question seemed to some scientists of authority to have been given by experiment. Recurring to a former belief and repeating some earlier experiments, the director of the museum of natural history at Rouen, M. F. A. Pouchet, reached the conclusion that organic beings are spontaneously generated about us constantly in the familiar processes of putrefaction, which were known to be due to the agency of microscopic bacteria. But in 1862 Louis Pasteur proved that this seeming spontaneous generation is in reality due to the existence of germs in the air. Notwithstanding the conclusiveness of these experiments, the claims of Pouchet were revived in England ten years later by Professor Bastian, but then the experiments of John Tyndall, fully corroborating the results of Pasteur, gave a final quietus to the claim of "spontaneous generation" as hitherto formulated.

There for the moment the matter rests. But the end is not yet. Fauna and flora are here, and, thanks to Lamarck and Wallace and Darwin, their development, through the operation of those "secondary causes" which we call laws of nature, has been proximally explained. The lowest forms of life have been linked with the highest in unbroken chains of descent. Meantime, through the efforts of chemists and biologists, the gap between the inorganic and the organic worlds, which once seemed almost infinite, has been constantly narrowed. Already philosophy can throw a bridge across that gap. But inductive science, which builds its own bridges, has not yet spanned the chasm, small though it appear. Until it shall have done so the bridge of organic evolution is not quite complete, yet even as it stands today it is the most stupendous scientific structure of our century. —Henry Smith Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Disease weaves its web around people a little at a time. They are not dangerously ill all at once. The beginnings of illness are mere trifles. First a little indigestion, perhaps, or headaches; or an occasional bilious turn. It is hard to realize how you are being tangled up in the strands of sickness until you are fairly caught.

Nearly all serious illnesses begin with some stomach or liver trouble, or with a costive condition of the bowels. These functions have got to be put in good condition before there can be any recovery from any disease no matter what its name or nature, and it is because Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly upon the liver and digestive organs that it has such a marvelous effect upon all diseases of malnutrition.

It gives the digestive system power to assimilate nourishment and make good blood; it drives out bilious poisons; it creates the red, vitalizing, life-giving elements in the circulation; and builds up the weak and wasted places in every corner of the constitution.

Taken in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, it relieves obstinate constipation and keeps the bowels in a perfectly natural condition.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a lock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said my disease was leading into consumption. I had quite a cough, and the home physician gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

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CUTS OF LATEST STYLES
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Mower, Reaper or Binder?
Wm. Masser is agent for the JOHNSTON HARVESTING CO., of Batavia, N. Y. He will be pleased to show Machines and quote prices. [illegible]
WILLIAM MASSER,
Water Street, Smethport.

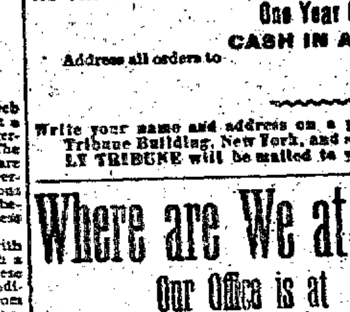
THIS IS
Everybody's Opportunity.
Go to store of D. C. Young and buy your goods at old prices, before the advance which is sure to come. I have just returned from the city where I have bought for cash the finest stock of General Merchandise ever brought into town.

A LITTLE MONEY
Will provide a large family with Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Groceries at my store for the coming Winter. We are all looking for bargains. I have them for you; my store is full of them. Here are a few:

Good Tea at 25c a pound; good Coffee at 12 1-2 cts a pound; Women's Fleece Lined Vests 25c, and Drawers to match at same price; combination suits 50c. A nice line of Dress Goods at 10c to 25c a yard. 25c will buy your boy a good Winter cap, and 50c will buy him a pair of pants.

I only mention a few articles, but invite you to my store to look over my immense stock and note the prices. If you do not see what you want, please ask for it.

D. C. YOUNG.
Oct. 1, 1897. SMETHPORT, PENN'A.



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Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us
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AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
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PULSIFER'S COLIC CURE.
This preparation is offered to the public as a portable, harmless, yet certain substitute for the old-fashioned bulky remedies heretofore employed in the treatment of that most dangerous disease COLIC. A syringe for administering the dose accompanies each bottle, and the whole package is so compact that it can be easily carried in the pocket. The price at which it is sold is much lower than any other colic cures on the market, thus reducing the actual cost of curing a case of colic to five or ten cents. The dose is only forty drops, given without diluting.
You can't fool with colic nor waste time hunting up medicines. Veterinaries can't always be found when wanted, nor are drug stores always open. Pulsifer's colic cure is all the veterinary or drug store you need. It should be kept in the stable ready for use.
There is more fatality among horses from colic than from any other cause. Unless some immediate relief is afforded the chances for recovery are slight. Inflammation sets in, resulting almost inevitably in death. Pulsifer's colic cure never fails to cure Spasmodic, Flatulent Colic, or Stoppage of the Water, if treatment is begun within one hour of the first attack. It has often cured where no relief has been given for hours. Pulsifer's colic cure avoids delays. Delays mean dead horses. Horses cost money. A concise manual describing the symptoms of the ordinary diseases to which the horse is subject, together with the simple method of treating the same. Mailed to any address on receipt of two cent stamp.
All of Pulsifer's medicines for sale by A. T. Palmer at his livery, feed and sale stable, Smethport, Pa.
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Rooney's is the Place
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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
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Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.
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BLACKSMITHING!
The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gilbert's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including
HORSESHOEING.
Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures
SLEIGHS.
Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.
CHAS. W. LILJEBERG(?)
Smethport, Aug. 6th, 1897.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY

In effect April 18, 1897.

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:30 p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south:
*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Clermont Accom. daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Clermont Accom. daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Mail, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday connects at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. K. Womer, Ticket Agent,
S. Bell, General Supt.,
J. A. Fellows, Gen. Pass'r. & T'k't. Agt.
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Cor. Main and Clinton st., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect August 1, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:23 a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

8:00 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. weekdays (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.
6:30 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5:55 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington 7:20 p. m., Baltimore 8:25 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junc. 5:10 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York 7:35 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:30 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:20 a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport, and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport. On Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:20 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Weekdays.

NORTH. A. M. Ar.	STATIONS.	SOUTH. Ar. P. M.
9.55	Ridgway	[illegible]
10.05	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
10.10	Mengus	[illegible]
10.21	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
10.32	Straight	[illegible]
10.36	Instanter	[illegible]
10.42	Smith's Run	[illegible]
10.44	Woodvale	[illegible]
10.55	Clermont	[illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:31 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:45 p. m.; and at Ridgway with Train 6, leaving Ridgway at 12:10 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after June 20, 1897, passenger trains Between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST-BOUND.

6.50 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

12.30 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

5.45 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

7.45 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

1.41 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or
L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, June 15th, 1896.

1 a. m.	3 p. m.	5 p. m.	STATIONS. Ar. Dp.	2 a. m.	4 p. m.	6 p. m.
8.35	2.20	7.30	Keating	9.10	2.5[illegible]	7.50
8.25	2.02	7.10	Cowley Junc.	9.22	2.52	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.50	7.05	Austin	9.40	3.45	8.30
.....	1.37	6.58	Costello	9.50	3.55	.....
.....	1.30	6.48	Wharton	10.00	3.56	.....
.....	1.21	6.38	Logue	.....	3.54	.....
.....	1.11	6.28	Hull	10.12	3.47	.....
.....	12.45	6.08	Cross Fork Jc	10.45	4.20	.....
.....	12.35	5.56	Germania	11.05	4.29	.....
.....	12.00	5.32	Galeton	11.20	4.55	.....
.....	11.00	4.25	Walton	[illegible]	5.40	.....
.....	10.45	3.59	Ansonia	8.10	6.20	.....
.....	4 a. m.	p. m.	Dp. Ar.	p. m.	p. m.	.....

a. m.	a. m.	p. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
7.30	12.45	6.00	Ar. Cross Fork Br. Dp.	8.00	1.30	6.10
8.0	11.20	5.00	Dp. Cross F'k Jc. Ar.	11.00	2.30	7.10

H. Hutchinson, Train Master.
C. W. Goodyear, Gen'l Manager.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, take effect Monday Nov. 4, 1895.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	LV. WESTW'D.		
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
8.50	1.50	2.10	Ulysses	7.42	2.50	10.03
8.35	1.31	2.00	Crowell's	7.51	2.40	10.17
8.30	.....	1.50	Carpenter's	.....	2.42	10.20
8.25	7.16	1.53	Perkins	7.54	2.45	10.23
8.20	7.13	1.50	R. & S. Jc'tn	7.57	2.50	10.30
.....	7.10	1.45	Newfield	8.00	2.54	10.35
8.04	7.00	1.42	Gold	8.04	3.00	10.42
7.55	7.01	1.36	Raymond's	8.07	3.05	10.47
7.15	6.50	1.34	Seven Bridg's	8.10	3.11	11.00
7.10	6.40	1.20	Colesburg	8.21	3.15	11.10
7.00	6.40	1.14	Frink's	8.27	3.21	11.17
.....	6.30	1.00		8.45	3.35	11.35
4.25	7.57	12.55	Coudersport	8.45	3.45	11.40
3.40	.....	12.51	Hammond	.....	.....	1.54
3.35	7.57	12.46	Olmsted	8.55	3.50	1.40
3.34	7.48	12.41	Mina	8.58	3.55	1.44
3.26	.....	12.31	Knowlton	.....	6.18	.....
3.21	7.35	12.29	Roulette	9.06	6.22	1.57
3.12	7.31	12.21	Burtville	9.15	6.29	2.05
3.05	.....	12.17	Coleman	.....	6.35	.....
2.45	7.20	12.11	Port Allegany	9.24	6.45	2.35
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Dep't. Arrive	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking Effect May 30th, 1897.

LEAVE SMETHPORT,

8:20 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. Ry. for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:00 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

5:25 P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. trains 10 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport, daily except Sunday, at 9:25 a. m., 4:20 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pas. Agent, Bradford, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 7 o'clock a. m., Monday, August 17, 1896.

South		Stations	North	
1:35	.....	Clermont	12:30	.....
1:40	.....	Clermont Tank	12:25	.....
1:46	.....	Wildwood	11:57	.....
1:58	.....	North Fork	11:44	.....
2:10	.....	Kay Fork	11:41	.....
2:12	.....	Gray Gables	11:38	.....
2:35	7:40	Ar. St. Marys Lv. Lv. Ar.	11:14 / 10:55	6:13
2:36	7:43	Kaul	10:50	6:10
2:44	7:50	Daisen	10:42	6:00
2:50	7:56	Groll	10:36	5:54
2:57	8:03	Gillen	10:29	5:47
3:00	8:07	Paine	10:25	5:44
3:04	8:11	Centreville	10:20	5:40
3:10	8:15	Dagus Crossing	10:15	5:37
3:18	8:24	Shelvey Summit	10:07	5:29
3:21	8:28	Coneo	9:58	5:24
3:27	8:33	Thompson	9:55	5:14
3:31	8:37	Clary	9:50	5:10
3:31	8:44	Brandy Camp	9:47	5:02
3:41	8:47	Ellen	9:44	4:56
3:45	8:50	Hyde	9:34	4:44
4:00	9:00	Shawmut	9:15	4:30
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.

NOTICE.

To Commissioners and supervisors of McKean and adjoining counties. I am now prepared to furnish iron and steel bridges of any size or duplicate any bridge, do stone work and complete bridge structure. Will furnish plans and specifications on application.

A. REILLY, Contractor, Smethport, Pa.